THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII — New York, Wednesday, October 29, 1930 — Number 26

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Turning the Rascals Out 651
Week by Week 652
Censorship in Boston 656
The Wets Take the Field ... Charles Willis Thompson 657
Places and Persons ..... Robert du Chalieu 659
My Philosophy of Rural Life ..... Edwin V. O'Hara 661
The World Court Is Not a Court .... Pierre Crabitès 663
October, Month of the Angels ..... Sheila Kaye-Smith 665
Medical Missions ..... Francis J. Bowen 666
Field Notes (*verse*) ..... Frederic Thompson 668
Chess ..... Claude Bragdon 668
On the Word ..... Hilaire Belloc 669
Egsiabeher (*verse*) ..... Padraic Colum 670
Communications 670
The Play and Screen ..... Richard Dana Skinner 672
Books ..... William M. Agar, Morton Dauwen Zabel, William Franklin Sands, Francis Magyar, Francis Xavier Disney, Charles A. Bruehl 673

Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

TURNING THE RASCALS OUT

CORRUPTION in government, an important issue in the New York campaign this year, was not made such by Mr. Tuttle, though he put it forward with force and ability. It would have been an issue without him, for the people make the issues, not the platforms, and this was a subject uppermost in the public mind. Governmental crookedness is an issue ever recurring at what might almost be called stated intervals. Frequently, though not so often as it is the custom to believe, the people overthrow whichever party happens to be the guilty one because of that guilt, and, as Charles A. Dana used to put it, "turn the rascals out." Then there ensue years of quiet and in fact of rectitude, and then comes another scandal and, often, another retribution.

From this it is usual to draw easy morals, but incorrect ones. The easiest and most popular is that the slothful public is aroused from its slumbers only by some uncommonly insolent exhibition of depravity, and after a sudden burst of anger loses interest, while the grafters go on as before. The truth is that after "the rascals" have been turned out, there follows a long period in which there is nothing much for the public to get angry about, much less to "rebuke." After a party has been in power too long, the crooks in it make their way to the top again, and there is another scandal and another eruption of public indignation; but, though it is not fashionable to say so, politicians as a class are honest. The good ones outweigh the bad.

If this were not so, this republic would long ago have gone to the dogs; for who administer the business of government? The politicians. The noun has an opprobrious sound; one thinks of the legendary boss and his heelers, and of the comparatively infrequent grafter. But "the politicians" is a term which includes Abraham Lincoln and William M. Tweed, Thomas Jefferson and Matthew Quay. Politics is the legislative and administrative conduct of the business of the United States, and politicians are those who make it their business to conduct it.

Let that business remain long enough in the control of a party, and those who are in politics for personal profit are likely to get the upper hand—a state of things not peculiar to politics but found in other walks of life too. In general, this is the history of the outbreaks of scandal. There are some exceptions in history, in which long tenure does not explain the scandals, but they occurred in the general unsettling which

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accompanied or followed a war. There was plenty of corruption, for instance, in the Harding administration. The worst scandals which ever afflicted the country, were in the Grant administration; and that was a time which combined both elements—long tenure of office and the general national loosening of standards in all walks of life, consequent upon a war.

As Henry Minor says in his excellent Story of the Democratic Party, the corruption under Grant was "far worse than the scandals of the Harding administration, though involving smaller monetary values, because of the much larger number of officials convicted or besmirched." They ranged downward from the Vice-President, the Cabinet, the President's secretary, the Senate, the House, the minister to England, and the federal bench. Yet in its platform in 1876 the Democratic party did not ascribe this condition to innate Republican depravity, but called it "the product of sixteen years ascendancy of the Republican party."

It is usual for easy-going thinkers to assume and say that the people rise in their might and "turn the rascals out" when such scandals are exposed, but it is not historical. In the case of local scandals they commonly do, but when it comes to scandals on a national scale they do not concentrate solely on the corruption issue. They turn out a Tweed or even a Quay, a city or state boss—if this assertion as to Quay is challenged it will only be by people with short memories—but in 1924 they did not rebuke the Republican party for the oil scandals and others. Even in 1876, with the record of that unprecedented orgy of crime before them, the vote was so close that probably (since there were ballot frauds on both sides) nobody will ever know whether Tilden or Hayes was really elected. The reason for the difference is, no doubt, that in a local election there is only one dominant issue; whereas, in deciding who is to run the United States for four years, a great many questions enter in. In 1924 the voters decided to trust the honest Coolidge and his party rather than turn the government over, on one issue alone, to that pary which had just displayed, at Madison Square Garden, a rather dismaying condition of ineptitude, discord and futility.

In state and city campaigns the issue is always simpler. Even allowing for that, the voters of Indiana were strangely slow in cleaning the house that had been dirtied by officials from governor down, under D. C. Stephenson's Ku Klux Klan autocracy of corruption. The response in New York City has usually been remarkably prompt, as in 1871 after the Tweed exposures and in 1894 after the Lexow Committee disclosures. Philadelphia has been so slow as to provoke Lincoln Steffens's description of her as "corrupt and contented," but she has set her house in order twice in this young century. Chicago has been by no means always as apathetic under corruption as she is represented. It is just as well to think straight in discussing politics, but in a political campaign straight thinking is not universal.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE developments in Germany are varying between the dangerous if farcical antics of the Hitlerites, and the serious struggles of the responsible heads of the government for what they believe to be the very life of their commonwealth, it is enlightening to observe the comments on the situation in the French press. The leading editorial in the last issue of Le Mouvement to come to hand, questions the wisdom of the Versailles treaty in its limitation of German armaments. A French journal actually suggests that Germany should have a larger army. In this position, it is in agreement with both Herr Hitler and Chancellor Bruening. How astonishingly divergent, however, are the reasons for this agreement! Hitler with an enlarged army would chop off heads of his political opponents, and go to war again for the purpose of completely rearranging the international situation.

The Hope of Peace

BRUENING, the German Centrist party, and evidently some sections of French public opinion, desire an enlarged German army to maintain the status quo, to protect the citizen who wishes to work out his salvation in peaceful industry. We believe that it is significant that this sane section of German political opinion, standing as a bulwark between the extremes of the Communists and the Fascists, and even rallying the traditional enemy to its support on such a delicate question as that of arming, is the Catholic party. Apropos, Wladimir d'Ormesson in Le Correspondant thus ends his reasoned article on the future of Franco-German relations: "No doubt the question can finally be solved only by a Christian interpretation of the purpose of existence." This would seem in effect the principal hope of western Europe's entangled struggles and ambitions, as indeed we believe it is the underlying hope of mutual understanding of the whole world. That the defenders of this position are not pale theorists, was given vigorous expression by the bishop of Mainz in excommunicating all within his dioscese who should remain members of the Hitler party, the bitter nationalism of which, Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich has pointed out, is so diametrically opposed to the benign internationalism focused in Pope Pius XI, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church.

REGRETFULLY remembering some of the actions we were compelled to record in connection with certain individuals in Virginia, during the religious bigotry manifestations in the last presidential campaign, it is a pleasurable duty to record the rebuke administered to that ugly thing by Governor Pollard, and also by the leading Virginia newspapers, on the occasion of the recent unveiling of a Catholic shrine in the state of Thomas Jefferson. Un-

Salute to Virginia

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der the auspices of Bishop Brennan, Father Walter J. Nott and the Historical Committee of the Catholic Women's Club of Richmond, Virginia, have been promoting interest in the erection of a memorial at Aquia in commemoration of the charter of religious liberty granted by James II to George Brent for his colony at Brenton. In The Commonweal a year ago, Father Nott told the fascinating story of George Brent and his more famous sister, Margaret Brent, and the little group of Catholic cavaliers who came from Maryland to found Brenton.

DURING the period of the erection of the monument, which takes the form of a wayside crucifix on the main highway between Washington and the South, fourteen miles north of Fredericksburg, an act of vandalism was attempted by the members of an automobile party. The vandalism was easily prevented, and it had results of far-reaching and gratifying importance. The newspapers flared up in protest, and Governor Pollard, who had been prevented by other engagements from accepting an invitation to attend the dedication ceremonies on October 5, immediately telephoned that he had canceled all other engagements and would attend the ceremony with a party of state officials. He traveled a distance of more than seventy miles that day to be present. A state reward has been offered for the apprehension of the culprits who attempted the vandalism—which Catholics might pardonably be excused for calling by the harsher word of sacrilege. As Father Nott writes to us, already "the crucifix has done its religious work in a manner far above that expected." Thus one more shrine of the Catholic spirit in America is made available to pilgrims, not only those of the faith of our fathers, but to all men and women of good-will, of no matter what religious persuasion, to whom religion and patriotism are compatible terms, and who are willing, as all should be willing, to recognize the contributions which have been made to American life by the pioneers of many faiths.

THE savage breasts of commuters are to be calmed, the weary legs of travelers moved to rhythm, and the idle thoughts of those condemned to sit and wait will no longer be allowed to run riot in the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Strains of six powerful reproducers are to float through the air, filling the concourse, whether you will or no, with selected radio broadcasts and also recorded music. Is it a dream? No, it is serious; to us, too serious. The Radio Corporation of America is doing it, and what it does, gets thoroughly done. This invasion of the inner recesses of the mind that were the last refuge of privacy in such public places as the railroad station, will make the commuter wilder, we believe. He will be like a rabbit flushed from his last covert. When we hear one screaming and going underfoot in the press, we will know how it is; and when his cries at last are dimmed by that throbbing, everlasting music, we will sympathize.

Canned Calm

THE bizarre fact that a figure of Dr. Albert Einstein has been placed among the angels and saints sculptured on Mr. Rockefeller's Riverside church probably occurred vaguely to the artist who did his portrait for the frontispiece of the Forum magazine, for he labeled it, Einstein with His Cherub Smile. Both incidents are indicative of that strange process so popular in the secular press today, by means of which "men of science" are turned into prophets of or spokesmen for religion and philosophy, apparently only because of the publicity value of their names. The Forum, for example, in addition to the cherubic smile of Dr. Einstein, gives us an article from his pen on What I Believe. For those who are not among the handful of physicists who are competent to judge Dr. Einstein's scientific theories, the article is the first opportunity afforded to gain some knowledge of its writer's general ideas, and of his place as a thinker concerning matters not so abstruse as those which have given him his fame. That fame, it may be said incidentally, is one of the most paradoxical phases of modern publicity. It illustrates once more how blind faith and mere credulity, not to mention superstition, still guide and control the mental processes of so many people. For, according to those best qualified to judge the matter, only a few score living persons can possibly follow Dr. Einstein's scientific work intelligently, and of those few quite a number seem to be in strong opposition to his views. Yet he has become a rival to Lindbergh, Mussolini or Henry Ford as a "news story."

Einstein and Religion

SO FAR as the public is concerned, he is simply a "great scientist," because the populace has been told over and over and over again that he is one—being told so by men who themselves have been told by other people that he is a great scientist, by the handful of specialists, who, of course, may be right, but whose judgment cannot be checked. Singular phenomenon of an age whose most vociferous if not truest spokesmen tell us it is the age of enlightened reason, and the epoch in which faith has been swept away to make room for verifiable knowledge! Anyhow, the Forum article presents the self-portrait of the great scientist as being otherwise an amiable gentleman, mildly relating his opinions as a pacifist and as a sort of sentimental mystagogue, who proclaims his own lack of need for a personal deity and who thinks that "the most beautiful thing that men may experience is the mysterious, the source of all true art and science," which has "also given rise to religion." Well, of course, God is mysterious, but that is a truth so obvious that it hardly required the revelation of a Dr. Einstein; but certainly mystery is not God, and an at-

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tempt to substitute it for God, as the source rather than as a mere factor of religion, is proof enough that whatever Dr. Einstein's standing in physics may be, his views on the subject of religion are singularly illogical and vague.

PRESS dispatches which mention the desire of Princess Giovanna to be married at Assisi, reveal that the princess is one of the members of the Third Order of Saint Francis. We are constantly being amazed at the aristocracy, as well as the democracy, of this order. Besides the 2,500,000 members throughout the world at the present day, the princess is in the historic company of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary; Saint Louis, king of France; Saint Ferdinand, king of Castile; Saint Elizabeth of Portugal; Saint Jean-Baptiste Vianney, the humble curé of Ars; and many other saints; also of Dante, Giotto, Petrarch, Columbus, Cervantes, Galvani, Volta, Liszt and Popes Pius IX and X and Leo XIII. It is stated that the bride wishes her marriage to be the great religious event of her life, and to have the ceremony in Assisi in the great basilica built over the tomb of the saint and over the little church which he raised with his own hands. One of the beautiful paradoxes of the Faith is the honor it pays to humility.

Another Poverella

WHEN President Hoover signed the message prepared by one of his secretaries and sent to the American Lutherans who are celebrating on October 31 the anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, and the 400th anniversary of the reading of the Augsburg Confession, while he assumed full responsibility, he probably did not give the matter that careful consideration which it demanded, so that the rather sweeping assumptions and claims made in his message very properly gave grounds for the strong protest made on behalf of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, by the Reverend John J. Burke, the general secretary of that organization. White House spokesmen for the President, in deprecating Father Burke's charges, and upholding the President's impartiality, pointed out that "President Hoover also sent a message to Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago to be read at the National Catholic Eucharistic Congress at Omaha recently." Unfortunately this message rather bears out Father Burke's contention that the President seemed to have gone out of his way to make sweeping claims on behalf of a particular religion. In his message to Cardinal Mundelein the President said: "I will be obliged if you will express my cordial greetings to the meeting this evening of the National Eucharistic Congress . . . and my appreciation of the value of spiritual ideals and of religious observances in the life of the nation which are indisputable foundations of the social order and our enduring political institutions."

Church and State

THIS exceedingly vague and general recognition of the social value of religious ideals contrasts rather startlingly with what was said in the message to the Lutherans, who were told that from the Protestant Reformation and the Augsburg Confession there issued "so many of the changes of point of view from the older conceptions both of religion and government," and that "the effects of these historical events are reflected in our national life and institutions, in religion through the predominant number of adherents to the Protestant faith, and in government through the principle of the separation of church and state." The secretary who wrote the message which the President signed probably did not remember that the union of state and church, under Lutheranism and Protestantism in general, flourished exceedingly in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland and Great Britain, and still exists in some of these countries, and that it was the rule in nearly all of the colonies established in America by the followers of various Protestant faiths. The Lutherans have accomplished too much of solid benefit to the country to need the attribution to their religion of credit for movements with which, as a matter of historical fact, they had nothing to do.

THE missionary spirit of self-sacrifice has had a further testimonial of blood in the fatal crash in Alaska of the airplane Marquette, in which were the Reverend Philip I. Delon, head of the Jesuit missions in Alaska, the Reverend William F. Walsh of the Kotzebue mission, and Ralph Wien, pilot. The incident is not only a profoundly moving illustration of the daring of the missionary spirit which has given so many sainted martyrs in the service of God, but also it again illustrates the perrenial youth of the Church and its readiness to adopt the most modern innovations to carry on its work of promoting the truths that are timeless—that are neither young nor old because eternal. That the Church will be as undaunted by this tragedy, as are the developers of aviation for commercial ends undaunted by their accidents and disappointments is a foregone conclusion. While we wish to express our own sorrow, and our heartfelt sympathy with the families and the friends of the victims of this accident, we cannot end on this note, knowing that the spirit of these men will be honored and will not die.

New Testimony

SIGNS of encouragement for the wets continue to multiply. The defeat of Louis C. Crampton of Michigan, who has long been regarded as the leader of the dry forces in the House, was a notable beginning. Soon after, Major Campbell's revelations in the public press showed the hypocrisy and nullificationist attitude of eminent persons in the administration charged with enforcing prohibition. Mr. Morrow's widely hailed avowals and the increas-

A Rising Tide

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ing rumors of the likelihood of his being the Republican choice for President in 1932, were followed by the Republican repudiation of the drys in the New York gubernatorial contest. More recent portents are the announcement of Mr. James M. Moyle, a leader in the Mormon Church and Democratic national committeeman for Utah, declaring he will work to send a delegation to the national convention in 1932 instructed for Governor Roosevelt in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's pronounced wetness, and the splitting off from the Republican party in Utah of a new political organization called the Liberty party, which has the specific purpose of working for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

THE American Federation of Labor's demand at its recent convention for 2.75 percent legal beer and Mr. Fred Pabst, sr.'s, investment of $1,000,000 in a plant which will be able to start the manufacture of beer on short notice, sound good to those who like beer that does not leave a flat and unprofitable taste in the mouth. The director of the Federal Prohibition Bureau, Colonel Amos Woodcock, has announced that makers of home-made wine are within the law and that the American people are under present conditions drinking 876,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquors per year—which is over seven gallons per man, woman, and child, and, as surely some of the latter do not drink, is actually even more per man per year. These official pronouncements are in their way an encouragement to those who make a business of violating the spirit and the letter of the unfortunate law. The Association against the Prohibition Amendment reveals that over two billions, eight hundred millions of dollars are spent yearly by the American people on liquor—all outside the law, every cent of it underwriting law-breaking. A dry-voting ex-congressman is caught operating a moonshine still. The prisons are overcrowded and the courts clogged to a point where they are seriously breaking down in dealing with legitimate business.

Sacred and Profane

THE recently scheduled debate of Abbé Ernest Dimnet with Mr. Clarence Darrow, on the subject Is Religion Necessary? was called off by the chancery of the diocese of New York with what to us seems at the least excellent taste. It is difficult for us to credit the remark attributed to the abbé when the debate was being publicized and promoted, "I shall be very happy to defend God against Darrow." We rather imagine this remark may be attributed to some professional ballyhooer engaged for the occasion. Its importance lies in that it neatly gives what would have been the popular idea of such a public and commercial circus as was contemplated. Mr. Darrow is, or rather was, chiefly famous as a criminal lawyer, adept at all the arts and artifices of cross-examination. He first came into national fame as the defender of the notorious Leopold and Loeb boy murderers in Chicago. The public at the debate that was envisaged would have been treated to what would probably have been an amusing baiting of Abbé Dimnet by the shrewd and colloquial Mr. Darrow, a contest of special pleading and wit in which the abbé with his vigorous and pleasing manner would certainly have not been at a disadvantage. But we believe it would have been a bringing of holy and sacred matters into questionable company and, by implication, a putting of them in an unworthy position of needing defense.

Popular Education: a Defense

IT IS a bad mistake to apply to temporal and pragmatic things the absolutism which belongs to logic and metaphysics; to speak and act as if one expected the principles of politics or education, for instance, to work with as little qualification or anomaly as the principles of identity and contradiction. Yet it is not easy to know how much qualification may honestly and conscientiously be allowed for. Education, for example, is certainly a temporal and pragmatic thing. When we in America speak of giving equal educational opportunities to all, it is evident to anyone not a madman that we must be understood with considerable abatement. Material circumstances vary, individual capacities vary, far beyond the power of any benevolent enactment to correct; and an educational system which is concerned completely with the many is bound by definition to neglect the gifted few. Yet how safe is it for us to say so, as a nation, unequivocally, and to incorporate recognition of these facts in our current educational practices? How much would this mean, in sober actuality, a stultification of the most vital doctrine of our commonwealth, the doctrine that "all men are created equal"?

THESE reflections—which, though they are not new, have lost none of their power to disturb—are brought to mind, in the present instance, by an editorial in America on the subject of the prevailing lax standards of most of our colleges. We are at one with all the findings of this editorial; we, too, deplore the fact that great numbers of students are nursed through four years of what is called higher education, and then presented with a degree, for no reason that can possibly seem reasonable to an onlooker interested in culture or mental discipline. But we honestly wonder whether this is not part of the ineluctable price to be paid for a democratic school system; we honestly see a fundamental connection between the egalitarian theory and the practice of treating the least common denominator among student minds as the normal educational unit. And, finally, to go back to our opening remarks, we honestly question whether our educational system, *in general,* can depart materially from the practice without seriously subverting the theory. We do not want the theory to be subverted; but as we can-

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not, any more than our colleague's fine editorial, endorse the present results of the practice, we put our chief hope elsewhere. There are, here and there in the country, examples that need not be named of very special private pedagogical enterprise, exclusive, intensive, bidding for the intellectual aristocrat and him alone. They may, in time, revivify the perishing tradition of learning, and bring back the days when, even among us, all scholars were private scholars. But it is at least tenable that the great public system—and with it we count its immediate periphery of private systems that take their color from it—has in the main, and with the qualifications any sweeping statement always implies, a different function to perform: the teaching of a minimum to the masses.

CENSORSHIP IN BOSTON

AMONG the many curiosities of our early history, is the strange beginning of censorship in the sovereign commonwealth of Massachusetts where, notoriously in Boston, civil censorship still flourishes. The struggle began over a book which today is almost as widely popular among Protestants as among Catholics. Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ fell under the ban of censorship in Massachusetts about two hundred and fifty years ago. This fortunately made very little difference in the circulation of the book, for it is said that altogether some seven thousand editions of it have been printed. And curiously enough, over two centuries later, Harvard University at Cambridge purchased at considerable expense the best collection of books about and editions of Kempis in the world, and was very proud to be looked upon as the possessor of the completest library on the Augustinian monk that had ever been brought together. The two incidents so thoroughly contrasted make the best possible commentary which could be discovered on the danger of censorship.

The Record of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay under date of May 19, 1669, has the following minute (the record is left in the old-fashioned wording because it seems to make more authentic this surprising excerpt from old colonial legislation): "The Court, being informed that there is now in the presse, reprinting, a booke, tit Imitacons of Christ, or to yt purpose, written by Thomas à Kempis, a popish minister, wherein is conteyned some things that are less safe to be infused among the people of this place, doe comend it to the licensers of the press, the more full revisall thereof, & that in the meane tjme there be no further progresse in that worke."

Fortunately the Pennsylvania Dutch, as it has become the custom to call familiarly the Germans who came to Pennsylvania from along the upper Rhine, were more liberal minded than the Puritans of Massachusetts. Though they proved to be splendid soldiers during the Revolution, it has rather been the custom to poke fun at these good Germans and above all to suggest that they were not very much interested in culture or in books. It is to them, however, that we owe the printing of the first edition of The Imitation of Christ, at Germantown in 1749 by Christopher Sowr. During the following year three more editions appeared in Germantown in German, and a fourth German edition in 1773. The Germans made a best seller of the great little book. The second edition in English was printed in Philadelphia in 1783. This, however, contained only the first three books, English readers not being quite ready as yet for Kempis's fourth book, with regard to the Eucharist.

Another little book of similar character, which would probably also have failed to pass the censorship in Boston, was printed in Philadelphia not long after the first edition of Kempis appeared. It too was printed by Christopher Sowr, jr., Germantown, 1754, and is now reprinted and about to issue from the Paulist Press in New York. This was a chapter from the life of Armelle Nicolas, known as "the good Armelle," who was the doorkeeper of an Ursuline convent at Vannes in France. She was not a member of the religious community of the Ursulines. Strangely enough she could neither read nor write, but she had a series of such interesting interior experiences that her confessor, a Jesuit, suggested to the Ursulines that they should write down what the portress would dictate. It would seem as though a book made under such circumstances could scarcely mean very much for any but a very limited number of people who were interested in certain phases of mysticism. Professor Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, the well-known Shakespearean scholar and literary critic, in writing the introduction to a recent English edition (1901) of the life of Armelle said: "The life of a domestic servant who did her household work faithfully, yet who became the subject of inner experiences so wonderful, is distinguished by its very modesty of circumstance."

As a matter of fact, the portress's book, printed originally as an octavo of some eight hundred pages, has appeared in a new edition nearly every generation since and has been translated into three languages. It was one chapter of this printed as A Day in the Life of Armelle Nicolas, Known as the Good Armelle, which issued from the press of Christopher Sowr in Germantown as a companion volume to the Imitation of Christ which, thanks to the liberality of Quakers and the absence of Puritan intolerance, the German printer was able to bring out. Three subsequent editions of this work appeared, so that it is the greatest rival of the Imitation of Christ among our early printed religious books. The printing of it was almost surely brought about by Anthony Benezet, the Quaker schoolmaster in Germantown at that time, who seems to have written the introduction and probably also the conclusion for it.

Not only are the two little books of themselves a significant chapter in American bibliography, but they are besides material representatives for our generation of high-minded liberality and narrow intolerance.

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THE WETS TAKE THE FIELD

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

What one of the most experienced of journalists has to say about the changing fortunes of the epochal struggle over prohibition is presented to our readers with full assurance that an objective and fair treatment of the subject is given by Mr. Thompson. His observations cover a wide field, ranging from California to New Jersey, and have been weighed and tested in the scales of a realistic and well-trained judgment. It is an interesting presentation of facts. His view as to the outcome of the struggle is particularly well thought out, though it may dash the hopes of both sides.—The Editors.

THE wet-dry war has undergone a transformation in 1930; not a complete transformation, but one that has advanced pretty far and is going further. For the first time the wets have taken the offensive and the drys the defensive. In saying "for the first time," I do not mean the first time since the Eighteenth Amendment was passed; I mean the first time in history.

The progress of the transformation in this one year has been so rapid that the architects of transformation themselves have not been able to keep up with their own work. As fast as they take an advanced position they find themselves in the rear, and have to run to catch up with the procession they started. Two years ago Governor Smith was taking the extremely advanced position that the Eighteenth Amendment should be replaced by another. That was frightfully radical for 1928. This year Governor Roosevelt was declaring for a new amendment too, and hardly were the words out of his mouth when the New York Democrats nominated him on a platform declaring for unconditional repeal and no new amendment whatever. Somewhat out of breath, the governor scurried up to the band wagon and swung aboard it as it was hurtling past. Three days later the Rhode Island Democrats did the same thing; they nominated ex-Senator Gerry on a platform declaring: "We therefore advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, substituting therefor state legislation." Back to 1919 and state rights, in other words.

So vigorous is the wet offensive that the days of courage are being revived, the days of cowardice are disappearing everywhere, men are speaking their convictions, and pussyfooters are being dragged into the open and made to step hard. Mrs. McCormick, running for the Senate in Illinois, had it all framed up to win the election by pleasing both wets and drys; but she had to declare herself, and she decided to please the wets. The New York Republicans, remembering how the drys bolted and beat their one wet candidate, Senator Wadsworth, were determined to pussyfoot; but their candidate, Mr. Tuttle, forced them to range themselves on the side of the wets, bolt or no bolt. He has only got as far as Mr. Smith got two years ago; he is for repeal and a new amendment, but that is a somersault for the Republican party in his state.

The transformation began in New Jersey, with Ambassador Morrow's declaration for repeal and his unprecedented victory. Everywhere, if there is a change, it is the change of the wets to the offensive and the drys to the defensive. The situation reminds one of Shakespeare's stage directions: "Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes."

In Massachusetts nothing but an asinine third candidacy prevented the Republican voters from being as bold as in New York. The candidates were Butler, a dry, and Draper, a wet. The harlequin of Massachusetts politics, Bossy Gillis, intruded himself as another wet candidate, wetter than Draper, and 22,000 foolish wets wasted their votes on him. This aberration presented the nomination to the minority candidate, Butler, and the will of the voters was thwarted by the intransigence of some of them. Their state convention straddled the issue, hoping to tide over just one more election before taking one side or the other. Thereupon Draper bolted. This is not according to Hoyle. A defeated candidate must never bolt, because people will say that he is a sorehead. Draper, with old-fashioned New England sturdiness, bolted just the same. "There comes a time," he said, "in the life of every individual who is true to himself when principle must be made paramount." The Democratic candidate is a wet.

This is all in the East, and we have been told that the West would never come over to the wets. But wherever in the West, the issue is being made, it is always the same story: the wet offensive, the dry defensive. Prohibition has never been an issue in Oregon since that state "settled" the question in 1916, but this year, for the first time, a candidate of high standing has opened war on the Anti-saloon League—and, significantly, in Multnomah County. He is General Charles H. Martin, Democratic candidate for Congress. In California the Republican voters nominated Mayor Rolph for Governor, and nominated him as a wet. The Anti-saloon League tried to get a mixed decision by inducing the state convention to declare for the Eighteenth Amendment as usual, but the convention adopted a platform which said nothing whatever on the subject. The Democrats nominated a wet, Milton K. Young, on a dry platform, but what the Democrats do is of no great importance in California. In Washington, the home of Senator Jones, author of the driest of all dry laws, the Republican convention declared for modification. The fight was led by King County, which means Seattle, and in the primaries there the wet leader, Ralph A. Horr, defeated the

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present dry Representative and won the nomination on the wet issue. The drys, fighting on the defensive, are conducting a state-wide campaign to make candidates repudiate the platform. Senator Dill, Democrat and very dry, says he expects to see the legislature submit a referendum repealing or amending the state enforcement act. In Montana Senator Walsh, dry as he is, says he will abide by the will of the voters.

Now, all this is in a year of transition. It is somewhat like the year 1854, when the confusion on the slavery question began to dissipate rapidly and alignments began to be made. Two years later there was, for the first time, a straight-out battle at the polls between the supporters and opponents of slavery. Since 1920 the prohibition debate has been a fog and a hurly-burly, but in 1930 all over the Union is sounding an imperative challenge to politicians, and out of it the line-up will speedily emerge.

What is it to be? In the long, confused din of ten years it has been vaguely assumed that it was a question of the East against the West. That is changing; in the Middle-West the fight is on in Ohio, in Illinois—where, as in New York, a bolting Republican dry is running—and less sharply in other states. The voices in Montana, Washington, Oregon and California show the sudden militancy of the wets, and wherever there is a showdown they are either victorious or obviously on their way.

What, then, is to be the final outcome? The old sectional one, North against South? The position of the northwestern and middle-western drys is becoming more and more precarious. Such states as Kansas do not figure in the calculation, for long before the Eighteenth Amendment Kansas was dry by preference, and the wets are not campaigning to force wetness on any state that wants to be dry. They are fighting to free the wet states from being forced by law into dryness. As for the South, it has its own reasons for staying politically dry, whatever may be the degree of respect paid to the law in that section; and it will not change.

But that is not the heart of the matter. Those northern states which are being rapidly forced over from nominal political dryness into open political wetness are being so forced by the cities. The change, in these northern states, differs in degree. Outspokenly wet New Jersey, for instance, is further along than Montana, California, Washington and Oregon, where the new militancy and aggressiveness of the wets is only beginning to compel an exchange of rapiers—to recur to the Hamlet figure. But, wherever there is a change, it is a change brought about by the cities.

Prophecy is risky, and all one can safely do is to note the signs. The signs, then, are that in the near outcome it will be city against country. The South is left out of this estimate, of course, for even such wet cities as Mobile must submit to the inexorable southern need for statutory dryness. Even in such a wet state as New York, it was the cities which commanded the change; New York would be as dry as Kansas, politically, if the rural districts ruled as they used to. This, of course, does not portend any internecine division in the wet states and those that are growing wet; the majority in each will rule. It only portends a division between those states in which the cities rule and those states in which the farms rule. In such a division nearly all the North will have to become wet, ultimately; wet in the political sense.

The most noteworthy symptom is the advanced ground the wets are taking. They have dropped, in the East at any rate, the old meaningless shift of calling for "light wines and beer," which was the voice of timidity in the presence of Anti-saloon League domination. As they advance, or rather as they gallop on, they are dropping the other timid and paltering compromise—the proposal to substitute a new and milder constitutional amendment for the unenforceable Eighteenth. They are advocating straight-out repeal.

This is excellent, as a slogan. Nobody will shed his blood for a compromise; nobody wants to go to battle for a half-measure; nobody can get enthusiastic over a proposition to do something that will partly satisfy the other fellow. As a slogan, repeal is just right, for it makes an unequivocal issue and erects a flagpole to rally around. But, as a practical measure, repeal is impossible. The Eighteenth Amendment will never be repealed; it will be silently nullified.

Anybody who is interested can prove this for himself. Under the constitution any proposed amendment can be defeated not only by a small minority of the people, but by a small minority of the states. If the wets could get a two-thirds majority in each House of Congress to submit an amendment, it would not get into the constitution unless ratified by three-fourths of the states. Here is a list of a few of the states that never will vote to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, never until the crack of doom: Alabama, Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Oklahoma, Kansas, Vermont and Maine—sixteen in all. There are, in truth, several more, but I confine myself to these because nobody will dispute me. It takes only thirteen states to defeat a proposed amendment; here are sixteen (and there are more) which, under the constitution, can thwart the will of the majority of the forty-eight states and a majority of the people of the nation.

Still, the will of the majority never can be thwarted very long. When the great majority finds its will thwarted by a law kept on the books by a small minority, it merely nullifies it. This it has done countless times with statutes, and several times with provisions of the constitution. "Nullification" has an ugly sound because of its associations, but it is neither criminal nor wrong; it is, and always has been, an unacknowledged form of government. But all that is in the future; meanwhile, let the battle go on; and "repeal" and "law enforcement," though impossible of achievement, are yet good slogans for the contenders.

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Places and Persons

THE WHITE FATHERS IN KABYLIA

By ROBERT DU CHALIEU

DURING a furious mêlée within the Turkish redoubt of Deide-Agatch I was almost simultaneously struck by a bullet and stabbed by a bayonet thrust. That marked the end of my participation in the ill-fated expedition of Gallipoli. A couple of months later my wounds were healed but I was still weak and unfit for field duty. I was therefore transferred in a semi-political capacity to Berber Kabylia, in the interior of Algeria.

For the last three years most of the soldiers under my command had been Berbers; my daily practice with them had enabled me to learn their customs, their peculiar turn of mind and a smattering of a dozen Berber idioms. (In Algeria alone there are seventy-five Berber dialects.) But I had never been in Kabylia before.

Thinking that it was my duty to know thoroughly the Beni Douala country to which I had been assigned, I commandeered a horse a fortnight after my arrival in Tigzart and started on a tour of inspection.

The hilly landscape resembles southern Spain more than the usual conception of north Africa. Streams flow everywhere amid green banks studded with wild-flowers and thickets of fig, pomegranate and olive trees. The slopes rising to the right and left of them are covered with alternate patches of rocky, unarable plots and stretches of fertile ground industriously tilled by the Berber farmers.

A three-mile ride brought me to the nearest village—a few scores of rambling houses grouped around a central square. The narrow, crooked streets were uneven and steep, but clean. Healthy sunburned boys and small girls, graceful as figurines of Tanagra, played everywhere, laughing and shouting lustily at each other. On the clearing in the middle of the village a line of aged, tall tribesmen stood in front of a dilapidated mosque. Perched on one leg like huge storks, with the other knee bent and the heel against the wall, they were chatting idly as old Berbers are accustomed to do for hours at a stretch.

The sight of my uniform did not excite among them any excessive interest. They greeted me casually, then the harsh noise of their conversation sounded again, mingled with the rustling of the soft wind. But when a bearded man draped in a white burnous emerged from an alley opening on the opposite edge of the square, they hastily took a position like that of military attention, brought their hands to their heads and bowed deeply.

The man of the white burnous replied to their greeting in a deep sonorous voice; when he stooped to pat the tousled head of a child who ran to meet him I noticed the tonsure baring the crown of his head.

He was a White Friar, a priest of that Christian faith against which the mrbets constantly preach; and yet it was evident that the villagers loved and respected him. They have not the lying capabilities of the Arabs, who do not hesitate to flatter people they detest for the sake of a favor.

A few moments later I had the pleasure of meeting the friar, and I took advantage of the circumstance to congratulate him on the authority he seemed to enjoy in the community.

"Sidi, you must not congratulate the père, but our men of the Douala, because ours are the benefits," a harsh voice rumbled.

The speaker was a lanky, middle-aged Berber. The red ribbon of the Legion of Honor loomed like a tiny pomegranate flower on his saffron-colored gandourah.

"I am Saridj-ou-Driss and I had the honor to serve as a sergeant of the tirailleurs until I was retired from active service on account of age," he proudly announced. "My duty kept me away from my village for several years. Name of Allah! when I returned everything was changed. The streets were clean. The jars where the food is stored and the purses of our men were filled, because the Beni Douala had learned to save in times of abundance and thus had freed themselves from the yoke of the usurers, who formerly lent money to them at 1,000 percent interest.

"The production of grain and oats has been doubled, because our farmers have learned that the summits of the hills where it is impossible to carry water from the bottom of the valleys, may be made fertile just the same by tilling the arid ground several times a year.

"Who taught our villagers the benefits of cleanliness, the art of saving and the right way to utilize the ground? The White Fathers!

"And that is not all," Saridj continued fervently. "We have found that their advice is more enlightened, more beneficial than that which we were accustomed to buy so dearly from the mrbets; and yet, while the mrbets used to take our last measure of grain, our last coin, the White Fathers ask nothing from us. We were raised as Moslems. We are Moslems. There are things that are so great and kind that our mind fails to explain them. For instance, we are quite unable to understand why gifted men like those white-robed Christian priests left the comforts of their homes across the sea and elected to spend their life in our poor villages. But we instinctively feel that

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the creed that brought them among us stands for order, kindness and justice for all.

"We have lost faith in our rapacious mrbets. Although we are still Moslems, the friars have become our guides. Not by preaching and threatening as the mrbets used to do, but by the very example of their virtues and their charity."

While Saridj was speaking, his words were being translated to the bystanders by another Douala who knew the French language. When Saridj concluded his enthusiastic testimonial, everyone of them nodded vigorously and shouted approval.

"Our Douala friends are very kind," the friar said to me. "We would ask no other reward than to see them as grateful to God as they are grateful to us. And yet to God are due all praises, because from Him come all benefits."

Father Honoré, who was learned in medicine and surgery like most clergymen of his order, had been called to set the broken arm of a child. I offered to go with him and he gladly assented.

The house which we entered a few minutes later was a typical dwelling of that district. It had been built with clay which in drying had saved the look of its original malleability; one had the impression that the clumsy walls would subside like butter under the pressure of one's hand. Then my attention was caught by the flat, massive slabs of hardened clay which projected from the walls. These were intended to serve as benches and beds but they looked strangely like stone coffins and gave to the house the appearance of a burial cave—an impression which was confirmed by the archaic supplies laying all over the floor. My amazed glance fell on discs of baked earthenware covered with red and black geometrical designs like pieces of Etruscan pottery, on great amphores and oil lamps shaped like those which are dug from the ruins of the ancient Mediterranean towns.

The friar pointed to the supplies which showed how near the Kabyles were to the standards of their ancestors of 2,000 years ago, and said:

"Various races one after another conquered north Africa, but her original white inhabitants, the Berbers, never mingled with any of them; they stubbornly saved their customs, their racial characteristics and the fashion of their ancient earthenware."

A tall, lithe woman of remarkable beauty came to meet us. Her dark blue eyes shone at the sight of the friar and her lips parted in a glad smile uncovering a set of dazzling white teeth.

"Do you remember that mrbet who understood the cure of the broken leg of Areki, the silversmith, a year ago?" she asked.

"Yes Keera, I do," the friar replied.

"The mrbet took most of Areki's savings, but Areki's leg never healed well and he is now a cripple," Keera shouted. Her eyes flashed rage. The sudden passion of her Berber temper convulsed her so that the silver rings fastened to the brass diadem encircling her black tresses and the bracelets covering her arms clashed against each other and tinkled sharply.

"That very mrbet had the daring to come to me not long ago," Keera snarled. "He brought a page of the Koran which he had blessed with a special prayer; he told me that if I would buy it for a gold piece my son's arm would mend in a short while. I sent the fool away. I almost threw a jar after him."

The thin voice of a child racked by pain called us from the next room. The friar went to him. In a short while he had set the bone, cleansed the arm with a disinfectant solution and encased it in a cast of fast-drying clay. The child had paled visibly during the ordeal but, sturdy son of his enduring race, he had not uttered a single scream. When everything was done he smiled and said that he was feeling much better.

His words reassured and elated Keera so that she went to a great wooden coffer, lifted it with a mighty effort and proffered it to the friar. The chest's bottom was covered by a deep layer of barbaric jewels and silver coins. Keera was rich according to tribal standards.

"Père, it is yours!"

But the friar gently declined her offer and left the house without accepting a single coin.

Walking under the fig trees shading the path that led from Keera's house to the village, our conversation fell on the attitude of the Berbers toward the Christian clergy.

"I am afraid that, with your system of accepting no reward for your services, you will undergo the most painful deprivations to supply the needs of the poor," I remarked.

"Hardly," Father Honoré replied. "We do not ask for anything, but we find every morning small bags of coins lying on the threshold of our monastery, and sheep and sometimes cattle tied to the trees nearby. The Berbers who are able to do so express their gratitude with those anonymous gifts."

A girl about ten years old draped in a cerise tunic emerged from one of the thickets flanking the road and came toward us.

"How are you, Djlema?" the friar greeted her.

"I can already spell the great letters of the first pages of my reader," the child announced proudly. "The mère says that if I am diligent, I will soon be able to read. I am learning to do sums too. Next fall when the olive oil merchants come to buy the products of our grove, I will count the jars that my father will give to them and the money that he will get in return. The merchants will not rob my father any more. Père, if you want some figs I will climb a tree and pick the best ones for you."

"No, thank you, Djlema. Keep on following the advice of the mères. For the time being, go back to your play and may God bless you."

Quick as a bird Djlema jumped into the thicket where a group of children were waiting for her.

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"This district has a governmental school. The local authorities appreciate our work, but the government of Paris which overrules that of Algeria does not allow us to have a school of our own," Father Honoré remarked sadly. "But no Berber mother would entrust her daughters to a male civilian teacher. Accordingly, our White Sisters have instituted courses of instruction in which the Berber girls learn not only to read and write, but everything that concerns the upkeep of a home. These courses are earnestly followed by almost all the girls of the neighboring villages."

"The friars and sisters of our order who work in Arabian country must contend against a paramount difficulty, because the laziness and the fanaticism of the Arabs are like an unbreakable stone wall. But among the hard-working Berbers Mohammedianism is a habit several centuries old rather than a deeply felt, rigid creed. If nothing interferes with our work I hope for a great deal in the future of the Berbers."

Now, fifteen years later, the wonderful system built by the White Fathers is menaced, like all the progressive institutions and activities of Algeria and Tunisia, not by local opposition, but by the French parliamentary tendency which blindly favors the Arab. I say blindly because it is against the judgment of the authorities residing among the tribes of the interior and against the wish of the leading business men and the municipal councils of important towns like Tunis, Bona, Constantine, Algiers and various others.

This tendency of many anticlerical députés is based on two erroneous assumptions: the belief that the Arabs were moved to fight against the Germans during the world war by their love of France rather than by the iron-handed discipline of their officers; and the absurd conviction that the north African soldiers were all Arabs or sons of races which fully shared the views of the Arab. Actually, the tirailleur battalions which constitute two-thirds of the native infantry of Algeria and Tunisia are mostly Berbers, and more than one-fourth of the population of those two provinces is Berber too. The district of Kabylia alone is as wide as Belgium, and thickly inhabited. But the Berbers have given their whole-hearted allegiance to France because their conditions have improved greatly during the last thirty years, thanks chiefly to the activities of the White Fathers and to the waning of the maraboutic influence.

Any legislation inspired by an undue love of the Moslems would inevitably revive the power of the marabouts; it would not find favor with the Berbers because, though they still believe in the Prophet, they despise the evils connected with Mohammedan supremacy; worse, it would handicap the progressive influences which are helping their tribes so much. And the Arabs, the die-hard Moslems, would inwardly sneer at those who so blindly intend to favor them; because no fanatic Mohammedan will be bound by gratitude to people who do not share his creed.

MY PHILOSPHY OF RURAL LIFE

By EDWIN V. O'HARA

MY PHILOSOPHY of rural life looks upon the farm (1) as making a definite contribution to the welfare of the nation; (2) as supplying exceptional opportunities for certain fundamental satisfactions which very many people consider to be highly desirable; (3) as a field for the development of a type of economic organization charged with social and ethical potentialities—namely, the coöperative; and (4) as an arena in which human interests can still maintain themselves as against mechanism and sophisticated pleasure.

(1) Regardless of the development of chemistry it may safely be accepted that the farm will continue to be the source of the nation's supply of food and clothing. Until the federation of the world is achieved, a sound national policy will dictate in general a balance between agriculture and industry so that the nation will not be too dependent on other nations for essential supply of food and clothing. Moreover the farms will continue to supply a renewal of the fundamental vitality of the nation, constantly being depleted by the conditions of city living. With the extension to rural areas of anything comparable to urban health facilities, this contribution will become more marked. And finally in this connection, the population of the nation will continue to be replenished by streams of rural blood flowing into the city. Consequently, the maintenance of a sound rural stock is of national import.

(2) There are three fundamental satisfactions to which the farm ministers in a special way. (a) Economic independence, and the other independences which flow therefrom, arise from the private ownership of productive property. Pope Leo XIII, in his famous Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, called attention to this consideration. It is obvious that our six million farms provide the widest diffusion of privately owned productive property in the United States, and their owners, regardless of temporary hardship, are the largest body of American citizens enjoying economic independence and capable of asserting social and political independence against organized wealth.

(b) Next to the importance of being the private owner of productive property may be rated the advantage of being self-employed. Again the widest diffusion of self-employment in the United States is to be found in the six million farm families who contrast vividly with the millions of city laborers doing

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their day's work under supervisors, foremen and bosses. It is undoubtedly this, as a part of farm life, that induces many families to remain on the farm notwithstanding their inadequate financial return. Self-employment is certainly more likely to develop initiative and resourcefulness than is the monotonous round of supervised factory labor.

(c) The farm ministers in an exceptional way to wholesome family life which after all provides greater satisfaction than does the possession of great wealth, power or learning. To perpetuate one's personality worthily in one's children is at once the greatest natural ambition and the greatest natural satisfaction in life. The advantages of the farm for family life are numerous and obvious. Unity is the keystone in the arch of domestic happiness. The farm almost alone among industries promotes the unity of the family. Economic forces there tend to bind the family together whereas in the city economic forces work in the opposite direction. The artificial limitation of offspring is a deadly attack on permanent domestic unity and consequently on the well-being of the children who are permitted to come into the home. While this moral cancer will undoubtedly invade rural homes, it is improbable that it will do so to the same extent that it will attack urban households, for children in general are an economic asset on the farm while they are an economic liability in the city home. As long as the love of children remains a human characteristic, farm life will continue to provide the most favorable condition for its normal satisfaction.

(3) From the very difficulty of promoting industrial methods among farmers there promises to arise a coöperative organization to replace the communal organization of earlier centuries. In my philosophy the coöperative movement is not merely a method of securing larger financial return to the farmer. It must be the outgrowth of neighborliness and must develop social loyalties if it is to endure. Perhaps if farmers work together they will also learn to play together. And in their coöperatives they will find a new intellectual interest in markets, finance and transportation which may induce competent young farmers to be more content with their lot.

(4) As already observed, the farm is not merely an industrial plant. Of at least equal value is its function of providing for family life. The farm may not be very successful from a commercial standpoint and yet be eminently worthwhile in its service to the health and character of its operators. Certainly if it furnishes a very modest living to a family rearing several children under conditions which permit the parents to exercise their function as Christian educators, it is more of a success than is a business which results in the accumulation of wealth and in the disintegration of the owner's household.

There are those who would remedy the meagre income from the farm by diminishing the number of farmers and absorbing countless family farms into vast estates conducted as huge factories—reducing farming to a purely commercial enterprise. This plan overlooks the human values of farming altogether and ignores the grievous ills which history reveals as always following the creation of latifundia. It neglects, moreover, the very important fact that the farmer can improve his standards of life and comfort considerably without an increase in his financial income. Urban labor must needs have an increased cash revenue to improve its table. Not so the farmer. He can devote more of his labor to producing for his table and other home advantages and less to producing for the market. This remedy for the surplus which lies in the farmers' hands is the very antithesis of the program of farm relief which looks for aid in a still further commercialization of the farm. That way lies destruction of every value of farm life except its use for the production of raw materials.

If instead of attempting to mesh more completely into the commercial economy, farm families were to turn their attention more to the direct improvement of their standards of life and comfort, the surplus would be automatically reduced and twice the present number of farmers could live happily on the broad and fertile plains of America. They would not make much money, but farming never can be a means of acquiring great wealth. Many farmers indeed have made money by holding land for a rise in value; but the profits were chiefly due to land speculation and not to successful farming.

In the United States during the past sixty years we have spent millions in teaching the farmer how to produce more efficiently. That has been a good investment. In the same period we have invented labor-saving machinery that has lifted the burden from the muscles of the farmer's back. That also has been very good. We have, however, unfortunately neglected to develop an understanding of the non-commercial advantages of farm life and have failed to devise methods of multiplying and intensifying these non-commercial advantages. That is the big task ahead which challenges the thought and resources of both civil and religious leaders.

The foregoing view of rural life leads me to desire that the farm shall continue for the most part to be of such size and character as to minister to the needs of the single family. We must set our faces especially against a general policy of latifundia (vast holdings) and its opposite, morcellization of family holdings, which have ruined rural populations in the past. The farm is the native habitat of the family. It will be chiefly on the family-sized farm that the family will be able to protect itself against the combined pressure of exaggerated capitalism, the machine age and sophisticated luxury. In a word, my philosophy of rural life visualizes the farm as the seat of a united, wholesome, prolific and happy family, and as sharing with the institution of the family a central place in human affairs.

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THE WORLD COURT IS NOT A COURT

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

IF AMERICANS understood that the World Court was not a court they would have nothing to do with it. President Hoover, in declaring in his inauguration address that "the way should, and I believe will, be found by which we may take our proper place in a movement so fundamental to the progress of peace" as the Permanent Court of International Justice, appears to have assumed that the Hague Tribunal is a court. So did the United States Senate when it adopted the reservations about which Elihu Root interviewed Europe. It may not, however, be out of place to inquire as to what constitutes a court.

A court is a forum where an impartial judge or judges pass upon matters in which they have no personal interest. The text of Article XXXI of the Statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice, however, reads as follows:

> Judges of the nationality of each contesting party shall retain their right to sit in the case before the court.
>
> If the court includes upon a bench a judge of the nationality of one of the parties only, the other party may select from among the deputy judges a judge of its nationality, if there be one. If there should not be one, the party may choose a judge, preferably from among those persons who have been nominated as candidates as provided in Articles IV and V.
>
> If the court includes upon the bench no judge of the nationality of the contesting parties, each of these may proceed to select or choose a judge as provided in the preceding paragraph.
>
> Should there be several parties in the same interest, they shall, for the purpose of the preceding provisions, be reckoned as one party only. Any doubt upon this point is settled by the decision of the court.

The dominant note of this entire section is that "each contesting party" has a right to have a representative on the bench before which it appears. This strikes at the very principle of judicial impartiality. It converts the judges of this august tribunal into champions of contending forces. Such a conception is incompatible with the attributes of a court.

This section was only adopted after prolonged discussion. The broad question which arose, says Fachiri, who has written about the constitution of the court, was whether, on the one hand, parties to cases before the court were to be entitled to have a member of their own nationality on the bench, or, on the other hand, the judges of the nationality of the parties should retire from hearing a case involving their own country.

Four methods of dealing with the problem were advanced. They were: (1) that the composition of the court should remain unaltered no matter whether one or both of the parties are represented or not; (2) that the judge belonging to the nationality of a party should retire from the case; (3) that a national judge should be appointed *ad hoc* to sit where the party would otherwise be unrepresented on the bench; and (4) that a national assessor should be appointed *ad hoc* with advisory powers, but no vote upon the decision of the case.

The first method would have made the Permanent Court of International Justice a body similar to the Supreme Court of the United States, which may tomorrow pass upon a question involving the sovereignty of Arizona, Colorado and California when one or all of these states may have no representative on that body. This solution was not adopted. The judicial conception of a court was surrendered on the ground of expediency. Fachiri attempts to justify this denaturalization by affirming that:

> The principles applicable to national tribunals do not extend integrally to an international court—some modifications are involved by the differences inherent in the nature of their respective functions.

He may be correct. But the institution thus ushered into the world is not a court in the sense in which Americans use that term. It may be the best possible available substitute for a court. It is margarine. It is not butter. It should be so labeled.

The decision of the Senate about which Secretary Root interviewed Europe sets forth that the United States is prepared to adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice under the following five reservations:

> I. That such adherence shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Treaty of Versailles.
>
> II. That the United States shall be permitted to participate through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other states, members, respectively, of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in any and all proceedings of either the council or the assembly for the election of judges or deputy judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice or for the filling of vacancies.
>
> III. That the United States will pay a fair share of the expenses of the court as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States.
>
> IV. That the United States may at any time withdraw its adherence to the said protocol and that the statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.
>
> V. That the court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly after due notice to all states adhering to the court and to all interested states and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given

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> to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for any advisory opinion touching any dispute in which the United States has or claims an interest.

Certain resolutions accompany these reservations. They do not bear upon the question under inquiry. And it will be noted that the reservations in no sense assure to the United States a spokesman upon this international court. All that point II does is to guarantee to America membership upon such electoral body as may be charged with the responsibility of electing the judges of this tribunal.

It is no answer to this criticism to point out that Article XXXI of the statutes before referred to says that:

> If the court includes upon the bench no judge of the nationality of the contesting parties, each of these may proceed to select or choose a judge.

This right may, in certain cases, be nullified by the following paragraph which ordains that:

> Should there be several parties in the same interest, they shall, for the purpose of the preceding provisions, be reckoned as one party only. Any doubt upon this point is settled by the decision of the court.

This means that should Charles Evans Hughes, for any reason, cease to be a member of the Hague body, no American succeed him and a case arise involving the application of the Platt Amendment, and the United States and Cuba line up on one side and, say, Germany, on the other, America could be forced to accept a Cuban "inside spokesman" because Article XXXI says that Washington and Havana shall "be reckoned as one party only." This point is determined not by the two allied litigants but by the court. Obviously if a Hague judge is not a judge but the personification of "each contesting party," this solution would be as unfair to the United States as it would be unjust to Cuba to have an American forced on that island.

The distinguished authority already cited says that the presence of judges representing the nationality of the parties "will enable the point of view of those states to be fully presented and understood." This very statement brings out the fact that the duty of these World Court members is not to weigh arguments and to decide issues. Their office makes of them defenders of the contentions of their people and the expounders of their case.

Such a departure from judicial ethics turns these judges into lawyers who argue not at the bar but in the consultation room. And it seems to make it incumbent upon the judges whose nationals are not on trial to keep in touch with their foreign offices in order to learn whether their chancelleries have a "point of view which should be fully presented and understood." It is possible that they may have "instructions" to give their champions.

Arnold J. Toynbee writes in the Survey of International Affairs, 1926, that Europe found no serious difficulty in accepting the first four reservations and the first part of the fifth. He asserts that the crux of the problem lay in the second half of the fifth reservation, that is, in the postulated right of the United States to prevent advisory opinions not only on questions in which America had interest, but also on those in which it claimed one.

The old world appears to have been offended at the attitude of the American Senate. Europe construed the action of that body as indicating a lack of confidence in the impartiality of the Hague Tribunal if and when called upon to decide whether the United States had or had not an interest in a specific case. The reservations, as a whole, were accordingly rejected by the European powers.

The conference which refused to yield to the Washington point of view reached its official decision on September 26, 1926. Five days before the adoption of what is known as the Final Act, the official spokesman for the President declared that the administration would accept no modification in the reservations and that it had neither the authority nor the disposition to vary them.

It would seem from the tenor of the note addressed by Secretary Kellogg to the powers on February 19, 1929, and from the terms of President Hoover's message that an attempt has been made by Mr. Root to have Europe reconsider its attitude. Such a step appears to jar with the attitude taken when the reservations were rejected. The American public understood that some one high in authority had then announced that:

> The gesture had been made, not without misgivings. The proposal could now be allowed to rest. The incident was closed so far as the Department of State was concerned.

In the light of these facts it is regrettable that Mr. Root has succeeded in getting Europe to adopt the formula which he has substituted for the Senate reservations. The ingredients of his soothing syrup are of no moment, but this diplomatic success of the former Secretary of State reopens the entire question. It means that the Senate will have to be consulted anew.

President Hoover has said that he would bring the matter of the United States' adherence to the World Court before the short session of Congress which meets in December, but more recently has indicated that he would postpone the issue until next year. When he does so, congressmen will do well to remember that the World Court is not a court but a board of partizans. The men who sit on it are not judges. They are merely national spokesmen who are expected to see that the point of view of each contesting party is "fully presented and understood." An institution framed in such a mold is basically pernicious.

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OCTOBER, MONTH OF THE ANGELS

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

THE sky is black. The great moonless arch sweeps from horizon to horizon, high over the zenith. It is black, and utterly unlit except for a golden shimmer, a dust of light, which is less than radiance, as it were a bloom upon the grape of darkness. Here and there against this background of darkness and dim bloom, the nearer constellations swing their homely shapes—the chair, the horse, the plough; and high across the heavens is the span of that great road, track of the sun's chariot astray in mortal hands, the road of stars, where they lie like dust.

Looking up into the sky, into the blackness lit by radiant dust, we almost forget the earth under our feet. It shrinks in all this hugeness of space, and we ourselves shrink with it till we cry the age-long cry of those that watch the stars—"What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels . . ."

We see the earth as one of the smaller planets revolving round one of the smaller of the myriad suns that are as small dust in the small corner of the universe that is before our eyes. We see mankind as one of innumerable forms of life, some known, some unknown. Important in his small sphere, what is he in the spaceless immensity of the stars? Where does he rank in the scale of being, with its hierarchies that tower above him into eternity? Is he only a little lower than the angels?

We cannot count the suns we see—we cannot imagine the counting of the suns we do not see. We cannot count the miles, nor the years of the sky. We can only gaze upon it as it hangs above us in this moment of time, and use for our homely ends the faint glimpses we have down here of its wonderful order. . . .

A red star suddenly cleaves the heavens. It appears to fly through them, though in reality it is far below them, burning because of its contact with the earth's atmosphere, and only for that reason visible. It streaks the sky with a fading crimson gleam—then sinks among the woods and is lost.

* * *

"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning."

It is easier to drop the counting of years and go outside time. Created will exists, and has power of itself. In part it has made the evil choice, it has turned away from the Creative Will which is both its source and goal. It has become evil. It is at war with good. There is war in heaven. Michael and his angels fight against the dragon; and the dragon fights and his angels, but they prevail not, neither is their place found any more in heaven. "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil and Satan . . . he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. . . . Woe to the inhabiters of the earth, and of the sea: for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

Evil, in itself, must die, since life subsists alone in God. Therefore every existence cut off from him must end. The dragon must perish apart from the Lord and Giver of life. His only hope is to establish an indirect and factitious union with his God in time. This he achieves through the material universe with which he is able to ally himself and which itself is sustained by God. He maintains his life through the elements—he becomes the Prince of the Power of the Air.

He enters the cycle of evolution, and we can follow his trail through natural law—in the cruelty and futility of nature, which we cannot believe formed part of her Creator's original design. As life develops, becomes more subtle, rich and various, we see the adversary's growth more explicitly revealed, till at last in animal consciousness, with its capacity for fury and pain, he attains a new power and satisfaction. The world is like a beautiful tree with a worm gnawing at its roots—twisting, stunting and warping it, so that the fruit shrivels among the wilting leaves. Jömungund gnaws at the root of Yggdrasil.

But a new wonder happens upon the earth. To consciousness is added mind and will. Created will makes a new appearance—in time. Here is a great new opportunity, both for good and evil. If the adversary can obtain power over this new form of conscious will, he can prolong indefinitely his own life and activity—perhaps even obtain once more a holding in eternal things, by means of this new creature which has been made in the image of God. On the other hand, man may by a right use of his free will redeem the world, save nature from her curse of cruelty and futility, and set her free to return to the kingdom of God. Then the evil one and his angels would fail and perish—they would be cast out of earth as before they were cast out of heaven, and be unable to maintain any longer through creation their illicit hold on life.

These were the issues, and the myths of many races tell us how mankind failed to rise to his high calling. Instead of devoting the sword of his free will to the service of good, and assuring thereby the overthrow of evil in time as it had been overthrown in eternity, man, thinking thereby to serve himself, turned it to the service of evil. Thus evil, defeated in eternity, became victorious in time. The adversary's power, till then bound by the limited con-

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sciousness of animal life, was enormously increased by its new hold on human mind and will. He was now the Prince of this World, its ruler and potentate, and would inevitably have destroyed it if the Almighty King of Heaven had not decided that evil should not triumph even in time—that mankind's lost battle should be fought over again, and won.

By assuming our manhood, God fought our lost battle over again in His own person, and won it for us, redeeming not only ourselves but the kingdom of nature which we had betrayed. The serpent's head was bruised—he lost his kingdom. He has no more real power even in time—he is bound by time and must end in time. The Prince of this World is judged.

* * *

This is only a dream of good and evil, of the mystery of their conflict. It is only a theory, a guess at the explanation of the apparently distorted processes of nature, and the slavery of mankind to the elements of the world. The eternal issues between good and evil have been fought outside time, by beings of a different nature from ourselves, in that symbolic heavenly war wherein Michael and his angels triumphed over the devil and his angels. In that conflict the victory is already won by the forces of good. Evil is already cast out of the eternal sphere, neither is its place found any more in heaven. There is no dualism in the Christian religion, no setting of Satan against God as Ahriman is set against Ormuzd in the Persian myth. For evil is definitely cast out and trampled under the foot of triumphant Godhead. It has only a secondary and limited existence—in time; whereas good is primary, unlimited and eternal.

In time, the forces of good are in conflict with the forces of evil, though outside time their victory is won. Michael and his angels still have need to succor and defend us on earth, and their power lies in the fact that they also do continual service in heaven. Their power is not secondary and limited by time as is the power of their adversary and ours—it derives from an eternal source, it is the same power that overthrew the dragon on the plains of heaven—the power of God.

The power of the dragon lies in the life he is able to absorb from creation—from ourselves—just as the meteor owes its light to its passing through our earth's atmosphere. In one of Dr. M. R. James's ghost stories there is a spectre which makes itself a body out of some bedclothes, but is unable to injure its victim, as its strength lies entirely in the medium it has chosen, which is merely a bundle of linen. So the harm that evil can do is merely a question of the body it acquires. It rests with us whether it embodies itself in our highest thoughts and strivings or can do no more than frighten us with a bogy made of our discarded primitive instincts. Its most common embodiment is in the elements of our human psychology which we inherit from our animal ancestors—the grave clothes that the risen man has cast aside.

In our fight against evil we fight against what is merely temporary, parasitic and doomed, and on our side are forces which are primary, self-existing and eternal. On our side are the unchanging stars in their order, and our adversary is only the meteor that streaks the sky for a moment of earth-derived brightness, falls and is lost.

MEDICAL MISSIONS

By FRANCIS J. BOWEN

UNDER the modest title, Pie XI et la Medicine au Service des Missions, the Abbé Ugo Bertini, of the Supreme Council for the Propagation of the Faith, has published a remarkable little book on one of the most pressing problems of the day. Written with the clearness and precision we should expect from its distinguished author, it gives in brief space a very full and interesting review of the whole question of the medical requirements of the foreign missions of the Church. From the importance of the subject-matter it is deserving of the closest attention, and should be especially welcomed by the Catholic public of America, so well-known for its zeal for and generosity to the foreign missions.

The question is the more important because the Catholic Church has often been reproached with neglect of the medical side of her missions, and her action unfavorably contrasted with that of the Protestant missions. This is true in regard to one aspect of the question only—the supply of duly certified medical practitioners and nurses. In fact the Church, true to the example of her Divine Master and His injunctions to the apostles and disciples, has never ceased to do what has lain in her power to heal the physical wounds as well as the spiritual maladies of suffering mankind. To take one instance only, the constitutions of the White Fathers lay down the injunction that there must be a dispensary attached to each mission station; that the Fathers must attend to it at stated hours, and that they must cultivate the simpler kinds of medical herbs in their mission gardens. And all, or almost all, of the important mission stations of the Church have such dispensaries attached to them under the skilled and devoted care of missionary sisters. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, for example, had in 1927, 315 establishments caring for no less than 2,272,229 sick.

But the advance in medical science and surgery, and the increased knowledge gained in recent years of tropical and other diseases, has made the need of highly certified doctors in the mission field, whether men or

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women, more manifest than formerly. And here, it must be admitted, the Protestant have an advantage over the Catholic missions. When we read that they possess 2,000 doctors to our twenty, with 858 hospitals to our 507, we can better understand how they are often able successfully to oppose our efforts to spread the truth. It has become an imperative need to supply our mission fields with trained medical practitioners who are able to give their whole time in service to the cause. And this is what the term "medical mission" properly means.

The question of medical missions resolves itself into two parts. There is the care of the missionary's own health, on the one hand; the good he is able to do to the ignorant natives to whom he ministers by attending to their ills, on the other. There are some 125,000 missionaries—fathers, brothers, sisters and helpers—at work in all parts of the vast mission fields of the Church; a large number in itself, though all too small for the magnitude of its task. The lives of these missionaries are valuable, yet have they been constantly exposed to the rigors of deadly climates, to contagions and hardships, and the toll on them is considerable. When the Lyons Society of African Missions first settled in Sierra Leone, the entire community, with its founder, was wiped out in a fortnight; and it has been calculated that for the thirty years afterward, the span of life of its missionaries was, for the priests three years, for the sisters five years at the most, and that the oldest father on the west coast of Africa was not more than forty-five years old. The case of this one congregation may have been exceptional, but it indicates the dangers the missionaries of the Church have so often to confront.

It has become increasingly recognized, especially since the Vatican Exhibition four years ago, where the remarkably efficient medical section attracted so much attention, that the missionary should, for his own sake as well as for those he serves, be endowed with at least some knowledge of medicine and the treatment of the more prevalent diseases of the mission fields. As a result, series of lectures to newly ordained missionaries have been instituted, with marked success, in many of the Catholic universities of Europe, such as the Institut Catholique of Paris and Louvain. The six weeks' course recently held at the Catholic University of Lille was attended by thirty-four missionaries belonging to eleven congregations, who all received diplomas before dispersing to their several stations in India, Canada, Morocco, the Ivory Coast, Sudan, Madagascar, China and Abyssinia.

Nor are these missionaries lost sight of after their departure for labor in foreign fields. The University still keeps in touch with them by answering their inquiries, providing medical supplies and issuing a little bulletin to keep them up to date with the latest developments of the science of medicine. Finally it has recently issued a simple but practical "medical and scientific breviary" for their guidance.

The modern missionary is thus in a better position than formerly to cope with the many diseases he will find in the course of his work, but it is obviously impossible for him in his busy life to render more than the most elementary help to the natives he ministers to. Yet the needs of the latter arising from ignorance, superstitious habits and the peculiar malignity of tropical diseases, continue to be urgent. The ravages made by the plague and other scourges in recent times have been appalling. It is calculated there are 3,000,000 lepers in the world, of whom only 7,554 are attended to in sixty-seven Catholic establishments. The population of Uganda decreased in a few years from 6,500,000 souls to 2,300,000 as a result of the sleeping sickness. The depopulation of the French and Belgian Congo is a grave problem. The infant mortality of India is 300 in every 1,000 of the inhabitants, while in one year alone (1924) 21,032 of the population are said to have succumbed to the bites of snakes or wild animals. And these figures could be added to from many other sources.

The need of hospitals and other scientific establishments, staffed by expert doctors and certified nurses, need not therefore be emphasized; and it is interesting to note the steps taken by most of the civilized countries of the world to supply the need. The movement is still in its infancy but gives encouraging signs of growing in strength and efficiency in the coming years, under the personal supervision and inspiring leadership of the Holy See. To enumerate the various measures taken in every country would occupy too much space; but two, which are of special interest and importance, may be described.

The Catholic Missionary Institute of Wurzburg, in Bavaria, was founded in 1923 to provide lay doctors, men and women, for the mission fields. They consecrate themselves by vow to serve the missions for a period of ten years, the ceremony of consecration taking place on the feast of the Epiphany. Subsidized heavily for three years by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, it is now in an independent position, equipped with all that is necessary in the way of scientific laboratories and accommodation for its students. Many of these pay by their service in the missions for the training at home they could not otherwise afford. Fifteen doctors formed by the Institute are at work in many countries, and the course for sisters and doctors in 1927 was attended by 161 pupils.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries was founded at Washington, D. C., in 1925 by Dr. Anna Dengel. It is already in a flourishing condition. The members observe, but without vows, the evangelical counsels. A diploma of medicine or nursing is necessary before admittance. The society is under the protection of Our Lady, "Causa nostrae laetitia." It has recently undertaken the care of the hospital at Rawalpindi in northern India, and among its other activities has the publication of its own review, the Medical Missionary.

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Thus it is that the Church, ever alive to the changing needs of the times, like the good householder, brings out of her treasure new things and old for the service of suffering humanity. The movement will grow under the fostering care of the Holy See, and the good that it will bring to the many millions to whom she ministers will be incalculable. From small and scattered beginnings a quarter of a century ago, the medical missions as we understand the term today —namely the provision of scientifically equipped hospitals with trained doctors and certified nurses—are now fully embarked on their career of mercy, and are destined to become a great and valuable auxiliary to the hard-worked missionary priest. The great stimulant the movement needed was given by the Vatican Exhibition, and its inspiration is mainly due to the personal interest and direction of the Holy Father, who zealously watches over the well-being of the missions. The name of Pope Pius XI is held in benediction wherever the missionary is working—and that is in every quarter of the globe—to bring the blessings of Christianity and civilization to nations that are still held in the darkness of barbarism, superstition and paganism.

Field Notes

Walking by,
Summer clouds
From the sky
Trail their shadows;
Green things run
With the wind
In the sun
On the meadows.

Swallows fly,
Small as gnats,
Very high,
Sign of fair weather;
Underbrush,
Sparrows quarrel,
And flush
Upward together.

Dragonflies
Thread the clear
Nether skies
On diamond wings;
Denizens
Undergrass
Fill the fens
With murmurings.

Sunbeams
In a shower
That streams
Through a tree,
Have a sheen
In the bower
Gold and green
Of the sea.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

CHESS

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

MODERN civilization in certain of its manifestations seems to me little more than thinly disguised savagery—savagery grown anaemic and hypocritical. At however decorous and well-appointed a dinner, the slaughter-house is always just off stage, dancing is still tribal and orgiastic, and sad experience has taught us that

" . . . Peace still must snatch
Her fillet from the teeth of war."

There are at least three things, however, which make me feel, when I engage in them, that I am a civilized human being. One is when I am reading a good book; another is when I am attending an orchestral concert; and the third is when I am playing chess.

Chess makes me think of kings and cardinals, of faded tapestries whereon lovers are depicted playing the game in formal gardens, and of that magnificent caprice of Akbar, who played chess with elephants and horses and wreathed children for pieces, moving about in a courtyard paved with gigantic squares of black and white marble. It is the game of royal camps and courts, of illustrious masters and enthralled devotees, of ancient origin and copious literature, but quite aside from all this, chess is a magic and a mystery. For not only is it a contest of skill and will upon a battlefield the size of a pocket handkerchief, but it is life itself in mimic representation.

Chess has come down to us out of the East and out of a past so remote and of such splendor that, like the ancient wisdom of the East, it appears to belong less to this world of hurrying men than to some superphysical sphere wherein gods, for their own pleasure, array man's attributes, dexter and sinister, by means of symbols drawn from his various estates— kings and kings' consorts, feudal lords of castles, bishops, knights and plebian pawns—and so work out to their logical, to their inevitable end, problems of human destiny, in a mathematically ordered time-frame of black nights and bright days.

For it is thus that I like to think of chess in its symbolic aspect rather than the one more familiar—the chess-board as the terrain of two contending armies; even though the parallel between war and chess has been worked out with such exactitude that a knowledge of the game is made compulsory in many military schools and colleges.

The pawns are, of course, the infantry: most numerous, least mobile but earliest mobilized, the arm of the service upon which, in a long-drawn-out conflict, the ultimate victory depends. Knights, bishops, rooks, with their greater flexibility and range, represent cavalry and artillery. The king corresponds to the capitol, citadel or other objective to be captured or defended; its capitulation is equivalent to checkmate, the end of the conflict. The queen is of this citadel the most active agent and powerful protector, corresponding to the mounted and mail-clad princes, the flower of chivalry, surrounding the body of the king in battle, or to Napoleon's Old Guard, the most skilled, most seasoned and best accoutred troops, hurled forward at the crisis of the battle.

Chess strategy is like war strategy: in both speed of mobilization is a determining factor; a pawn salient is like an infantry salient, pushing into the enemy country like a wedge, with flanks resting on strongholds; in both feint and surprise attacks play an important part. Indeed, the parallel is in all ways so perfect that my friend Gelett Burgess once drew a map of a battlefield and described at great length the engagement

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fought thereon, and it is only at the end that the reader is permitted to discover that the whole thing is a detailed description of one of Paul Morphy's most celebrated chess games in terms of military action. For any chess game can be described in terms of warfare and any military campaign can be reenacted, after a fashion, with chessmen on a board.

And oddly enough, championship chess has changed in the same way as has warfare, which is no longer a thing of long-distance raids, cut off from supply bases, of brilliant cavalry charges, but is a matter of "digging in"—wars now are wars of attrition. Similarly, chess masters no longer play the old-fashioned open game, having abandoned it in favor of tactics quite similar to trench warfare. This has resulted in an increasing number of drawn games—so many, in fact, that it has been suggested that the game be made more difficult by increasing the size of the board and the number of pieces. The logical ultimate of this, as the human mind grows more four-dimensional, would be the substitution of "cubical" chess—the addition of another dimension, though now the brain reels at the very suggestion.

Chess represents not alone the clash of armies, but the conflict of personalities, and the struggle of man with those counter-forces which would subdue and conquer him. Chess is microcosmic—it contains profound meanings, closely related to life and conduct.

For example, the oriental idea of karma—that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap—is implicit in the very nature of chess, into which chance does not enter. For every move is conditioned by those which went before and conditions those which come after; and every move, foolish or clever, like ignorant or enlightened actions, becomes a factor leading to ultimate failure or success. There is also the idea of reincarnation, for just as a humble and poor retainer, by virtue of a well-spent life might conceivably reincarnate as a lord or captain, so does a pawn, at the end of its long and perilous progression to the opposite king row, reincarnate as a queen.

There is nothing—unless it be love—more revealing of one's "self elements" than chess, for one's game will be in exact accordance with his character. I am easily discouraged and made uncertain of myself by failure, so if I lose a first game I am likely to go on losing; whereas an initial success is apt to bring another. With a person of a different psychology the reverse of this would be true. I used to play chess with a Jew who would sometimes deliberately sacrifice a piece for no other purpose than to arouse his own fighting spirit, for he always played most brilliantly when the game was going against him. "Onward, Jewish soldiers!" he used to exclaim as he initiated his counterattack. A club acquaintance confided in me once, while in a state of inebriation, that I was a good fellow but that I didn't follow through. "In vino veritas," for chess has taught me the same sad lesson—I am better on the opening than on the end game, and not for me, alas, is the slogan, "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders!"

Chess is a splendid discipline, not alone of the mind but of the emotions. If one meets with defeat there is no alibi—one cannot claim, as in whist, that the cards were against him. Better than victory over one's opponent is the mastery of one's own emotional nature. Apropos of this, Ouspensky says, in Tertium Organum:

"Two men may be playing chess, acting outwardly very similarly, but in one will burn self-love, desire of victory, and he will be full of different unpleasant feelings toward his rival—fear, envy of a clever move, spite, jealousy, animosity, or schemes to win, while the other will simply solve a complex mathematical problem which lies before him, not thinking about his rival at all."

Chess is par excellence mathematics made animate, but about this aspect of it I know literally nothing. I learned too late in life to be a good player, so that only the ardors of the game are for me and not its rigors. Talk of even the most elementary "combination" among expert chess players fills me with envy not unmixed wth awe. For me to write about chess at all is therefore in the nature of a false pretense; my only—and I hope sufficient—excuse is that I love it.

Speaking of love, the history of how I became interested in chess is an illustration of how love finds a way and works its will irrespective of all obstacles. My parents were both enthusiastic devotees, for chess constituted one of the favorite pastimes of the early Victorians. My mother always wanted to teach me, but I persistently refused to learn. When I had a son of my own, however, she met from him no such silly oppostion, and having taught him, he in turn taught me, so that her wish to benefit me was in this roundabout way fulfilled. The punishment for my perversity is in my regret for lost golden hours of innocent pleasure, and in the humiliation of being beaten with great regularity by him to whom I owe my initiation into these delightful mysteries.

ON THE WORD

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE word is a sacred thing. The day in which we live has forgotten that. Indeed, the day in which we live has forgotten most things. So the average man today when he hears of "the Word" in a divine connection thinks the use of the term an oddity—and as for the tremendous phrase "the Word was God" (or rather "God was the Word"), it is all Greek to him (but happily not Aramaic).

Now why is the word sacred? The word is sacred because it is the bridge between one mind and another. It is the instrument of unity. It is communion. Therefore the word alone gives authority and sympathy and intimates sustenance and ultimate repose. The word is expression, that is, personality putting itself forth; until a personality is put forth it cannot come into touch with any other personality.

The word is also creative even with the humblest, and awfully with the Most High. The reason of this is that the word registers and imposes by definition a will. Now will, even the humblest will, is in a sense creative, and the Highest of all Wills is creative of all things. When you say, "I will do this rather than that," and carry out your will, you at once create thereby an element of good or evil; or if of neither, at least of this or that. But without expression in some form (though it were not spoken), without definition of the inward thought, the creative act would not be. See, then, of what majesty is the word!

Now the word being not only a bridge between mind and mind, not only the sole instrument of communion (in the largest sense of that word "Word"), but also creative, there are attached to it a number of sanctities.

Let me begin with the least. It is the duty of the writer (who is the meanest of mankind) to use the right word. He does not always do his duty. Neither does the donkey, who comes just higher in the scale; nor, I suppose, does any creature except the sinless ones of whom we read much but see little. It is his duty none the less to use the right word because only so is he telling the truth, which (let us hope) he is desiring to tell. I do not mean by this that he ought to sit up all night

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hunting for *le mot juste,* which is not a French phrase at all, as people think it. I do not mean that he should be a finicky writer, for all such are properly held in abhorrence. But he ought to think carefully before he says Mr. Jinks is next to Shakespeare as a poet; or that Miss Biggs has made of English a higher thing. He must not exaggerate. He must not depreciate his currency either. He must take the word to be at least as valuable as a shilling or a six-pence and not palm off one word for another. He must try to say exactly what he means.

Higher in importance with most men is the spoken word. We ridicule those who do not hesitate to act or imply a falsehood, and yet who hesitate to speak a direct falsehood in so many words. We are right in ridiculing them, because they are hypocrites. But there is a foundation of right doctrine in their heresy, as there is a foundation of right doctrine in every heresy. The mind rebels against the profanation of the word. It instinctively feels the sanctity of the word.

If I am asked whether I have read a particular book (I who read no books) I should hesitate to answer, "Yes, right through from beginning to end and twice over," when as a fact I had not even seen the cover; but I am afraid I should be capable of answering "I think I know the one you mean," which is of course just as much a falsehood as saying I have read it twice over, because it implies that I read any number of books and that this was only one of a heap. Now this boggling of the mind with a direct verbal falsehood I take to be, like many another hypocrisy, a testimony to good morals—that is, to the sanctity of the word.

Here I am launching myself in this matter of the word upon a sea as wide as the Atlantic and at least as deep as that singular narrow stretch just east of Japan, which is almost out of soundings—and I have only this column in which to deal with it. Therefore I do not know how to end.

I would like to speak of the word mystical; that is, the word of poetry and of magic; the light word which by music destroys a happy communion between two souls; the definitive word which binds together in the sacraments husband and wife, man and God; the comic word; the word of doom; the word of absolution—and so forth. But, like the lion at the zoo, I have not the elbow room. Perhaps when I am absolved from the limits of time and space, I may be granted opportunites to say all I have to say about the word—but then under those beatific conditions no one is compelled to listen—for that matter you are not compelled to read this either. It is all purely voluntary upon your part.

Let me, then, end up with this. What I like best about the famous carol, especially when I get to it over the snow at midnight in my own country, is the couplet:

"Patris eterni
Verbum Caro factum."

I like the notes to which it is set. I like the truth which it expounds. I like the occasion. And who shall blame me?

Egsiabeher

(To Father Plassmann)

He wrote the letters down from left to right,
Not as in Arabic from right to left,
And then pronounced the syllables they made.
And I heard on the Mountains of the Moon
Eagles a-scream, and knew the word I heard
Was the Ethopian Name of God.

PADRAIC COLUM.

COMMUNICATIONS

A HUMBLE PLEA FOR HISTORY

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I have just seen The Captain of the Guard, a motion picture starring John Boles and Laura LaPlante —and I beg to protest.

I wonder when Hollywood will become tired of smearing history with false sentiment and give us a fact or two? We have already endured far too much of the sickening sentimentality of moving pictures which, whenever they portray the unfortunate Capetians, dwell exclusively on their most unattractive and unmanly traits. Louis XII is a doddering old idiot, a sort of court fool, fond of blindman's buff and blond curls. Louis XIV is "magnificent"—that is his label; his theme is, of course, "L'état, c'est moi!" and all his speeches must be modeled along those lines.

Perhaps nothing that Hollywood could invent would be too bad to tag onto Louis XV. But along comes Louis XVI—genuinely good, wholly in love with Marie Antoinette, and sincerely, though unsuccessfully, striving for the good of his people. These are mere matters of history, however, and must be overlooked; for the legend must remain unbroken; Hollywood must not be disillusioned.

So Louis's character is put through the grinder of a Hollywood studio, and comes out to us as that of a light-headed, ridiculous fop, worse than the stupidest courtier—coyly stuffing grapes into the rosy mouth of the lady on his left, making his inane jokes and basking happily in the applause of a servile court. He is utterly ignorant of the state of the country, utterly innocent of any activity in the matter of government. He hardly knows there is anything to govern outside of his silly little court.

Of the treatment of Marie Antoinette's character I shall only say that just as the king has a lady on his left, so she has a gentleman on her right.

That sort of thing is connected with certain French kings and is therefore inevitably connected with the French court by the lazy minds that find it difficult to distinguish. Observe the logical conclusion: Louis XVI was a French king and lived at the French court, so of course the rule applies. Louis must have been fond of the court ladies, or he was no true Capetian. The thing is inevitable! And so the idea, traditional but unreal (and therefore sentimental), clings!

Now that is decidedly unfair to Louis and Marie Antoinette. The insinuation is grossly false and contemptible. Moreover, it is a cowardly thing to distort a character to fit a bit of fiction—especially the character of one who is dead and cannot defend himself. It is a matter of history that Louis and Marie Antoinette were devoted to each other; that his inability to govern France arose from his lack of the proper training, and not at all from vincible ignorance or neglect or stupidity—surely not from indifference.

In The Captain of the Guard we see Louis, a very short time before the fall of the Bastille, hearing for the first time, with calf-like wonder, of the ferment in the country. That is blatantly untrue! Apparently those who are responsible for it are unaware that Louis called the États Généraux for the purpose of saving France. Apparently they have forgotten that for a long time before the Revolution broke out he had appointed one Minister of Finance after another in his frantic attempts to relieve the sufferings of his people. It is too absurd for the producers to turn out a movie like that as a picture of the French Revolution!

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The "Hollywood Capetians" are not the portraits of the French Capetians, but merely the sentimental shadows of them, made up from associations. Louis XII is associated with senility; Louis XIV with magnificence; Louis XV with profligacy; Louis XVI with weakness that falls into weak-mindedness. But surely there must have been something else in the character of Louis XII besides that—something to distinguish him from all other very old men. Louis XIV was only a man in spite of his splendor and he must have known it. He must have had some humility in him or he never would have let himself be converted by Madame de Maintenon. Louis XV had a conscience in spite of himself, and there must have been some good in him. Louis XVI was not weak; at the worst he was incapable.

Why does not some brave producer (with a love for the unusual) strike out for himself and tell the truth? Why not, for a change, show Louis XVI as the good clock-maker that he really was? Why not show Marie Antoinette as the splendid mother that she really was, instead of eternally stressing the "Let-them-eat-cake" side of her character, like the most fanatical propagandists of the Revolution?

These one-sided views have been handed down from one story to another until they have become accepted as the whole truth by readers and audiences—and one begins to wonder if even the authors have any other mental pictures of the characters they write about. These half-truths meant something at first when they were recognized as such, but now, when they are accepted as the only things worth remembering about the characters of history, they are empty ideas, meaningless shadows, mere sentimentality. And the producers who carry on the worthless legends are painful sentimentalists who cannot see the truth for the legends. May they have a speedy recovery!

MARY IMELDA MAHER.

FOR A BIGGER BLUE-PENCIL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your desire for a bigger blue-pencil to wield against certain features of tabloid publications is admirable in its way but not sufficiently ambitious. Possibly the only satisfactory blue-pencil would be one that could eliminate with a single stroke the tabloids and their natural parent—the so-called yellow press. This is not to say that there is no definite place in our modern world for the tabloid. One need only refer to the London prototype of the American product to observe the ideal form of this type of abbreviated news presentation. Unfortunately those responsible for the introduction of the tabloid to New York readers were not intrinsically interested in filling a gap in the journalistic circle. Instead they were interested in fortunes to be made through the piling up of tremendous circulations. Pictures and sensationalism were the surest and most effective means to hand.

Certainly one can be charitable and yet say that these progenitors must have been aware that their methods were questionable at best. In consequence the fact that they may become "morally responsible" is one which they have considered and rejected wholly or in part according to the states of their individual consciences. It is appalling that such a small group of men, respected in societies willing to forget over the luncheon or dinner table what is done during business hours, should exert such subversive influence over millions. It is more appalling that, if this group were converted, there would be fresh ones to take its place. If any reformation is to be effected, it must be through the tedious and long-drawn-out process of public education.

Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that even the tabloids have their difficulties. Scandals and sensations are amenable, as almost everything else, to the laws of supply and demand. And not every day, or every week, or every month, provides new fuel for the circulation builder. Even the most lurid tabloid has days of respectability closely approximating that of its Times Square neighbor. And further there is the satiety point at which many readers are eventually bound to arrive.

Unhappily I cannot agree with you in your implied assumption that details of abnormal and perverse crimes are printed with the idea that they may be "deterrents." The sole basis of such news selection is the well-known maxim: Give the public what it wants. Obviously this narrows down to what the news editor thinks the public wants. Personally I have never believed that there was any public demand for a yellow press. In such matters the public is generally passive. It takes what it gets. And it is very simple, when a play is made to its baser nature, to educate it to want what is provided.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.

CATHOLIC AND ORTHODOX MENTALITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—One day in the summer of 1910, the train bearing Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party stopped at a little station near Edmonton. When he stepped out it might have been into a village of eastern Europe. A cart drawn by four oxen had been brought to the platform for him, and all around were men in strange garments and women with shawls and close-clinging headdresses of every color. Scores of ox-carts and a few farm wagons and buggies lined the road to a small wooden church, whose corner-stone the Prime Minister was to lay. The people were Galicians, and this was a church of the Ruthenian rite, whose congregation spread over a district thirty miles square or more.

We went on to Edmonton, taking along two priests of the same rite who had been present at the ceremony. The Eucharistic Congress at Montreal was coming on, and I asked them if they were going. They said they could not afford to, but asked me to see their archbishop and remember them to him. At the first reception I inquired for him, and was lucky enough to find that the first one I spoke to was a canon from Cracow, who knew him well. Once seen, the archbishop was easy to identify. He was, I think, the biggest man I ever saw, a giant not only in height but in all proportions. As he moved through the streets in the procession, the Russian mitre adding to his height, not one of all those who lined the streets failed to remark the extraordinary dignity of his bearing. His manner was simple and kindly and he was almost democratically accessible. He was touched by the message from the priests at Edmonton, and if they could not come to him he went to them, visiting all the settlements of his compatriots on the western prairie.

When, therefore, word came during the war that he had been arrested and held a long time a close prisoner, there were many, far from Lemberg, who shared the anxiety for his safety. At least one of them is delighted to read, twenty years after seeing Archbishop Szeptyckyj, the article in The Commonweal in which he makes understandable to the uninitiate the religious mentality of the East—something not so strange, after all, to those who remember the attitude toward the Eucharist that was familiar fifty years ago and to the generation before that. I know that my father, who was of that old school, seemed to sense the whole of it when he visited a Russian shrine in Geneva, and acted accordingly.

J. C. W.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Twelfth Night

ON THREE separate occasions recently, we have had the joyous intimation that Shakespeare may actually be presented in such a fashion as to bring vitality as well as beauty and color into the fabric of his work. The first of these occasions was the Basil Sydney-Mary Ellis production of The Taming of the Shrew. The second was Eva Le Gallienne's unforgettable production of Romeo and Juliet, in which hackneyed lines took on a sudden new glamour and in which one fell again under the sway of poignant illusion. The third occasion is the current production by Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Reed of Twelfth Night, with Jane Cowl and a supporting cast including Leon Quartermaine, Walter Kingsford and Arthur Hohl.

Someone—possibly Miss Cowl herself—had an inspiration as to the staging of this production which, for sheer quaintness and novelty as well as daring, deserves recognition and acclaim. As the curtain goes up, you see before a background of variously colored drapes a huge vellum bound book, some fourteen feet high and filling half the stage. A moment later, Feste, the clown, appears and opens the cover of the book, displaying the title page of Shakespeare's comedy. With another wave of his wand, Feste then opens another page of the book and you have before you in simple outline the duke's palace. Through this novel device, scene after scene unfolds merely by turning pages of the gigantic book. The play ends with a closing of the volume. As these interludes are accompanied by the light playing of a harp, flute and violin, the total effect is both engaging and whimsical. It sets its own plan of illusion and thus makes the fantastical plot appear both plausible and delightful.

The mere mechanics of staging and setting, however, are not enough to give life to Shakespeare's lines. It is in the acting and the mood created and sustained that Miss Cowl and her associates have broken through the veil of stiff pedantry which has made so much of Shakespeare boring and monotonous, except on the printed page. The director, Andrew Leigh, has caught up to perfection the lyric beauty of many of the scenes, without sacrificing for an instant either their realistic or their human possibilities. There is no attempt at stylistic treatment. Everything is simple and forthright, but maintained, so to speak, within one lyric frame—something which only actors of surpassing excellence can hope to achieve.

The danger of making Shakespeare the vehicle for one or two stars lies in the use of inferior actors for the minor parts. As Shakespeare wrote equally well for kings and clowns and heroines, and even for grave-diggers, the effect of uneven performances is bound to be incongruous.

This brings us by natural degrees to the tribute more than due to the distinguished playing of Walter Kingsford as Sir Toby Belch, of Leon Quartermaine as Malvolio, and Lewis Martin as Feste. Rarely, if ever, has Twelfth Night been graced with more understanding and less exaggerated performances of these parts.

Leon Quartermaine brings the true depths of pathos to his interpretation of Malvolio. He plays him as a man and not as a half idiot, someone whose real suffering is apparent through all the mask of comedy. His scene at the prison window is memorable. Lewis Martin takes the part of Feste at its full value—that is, as Shakespeare's own philosophy of the paradox of the fool. Mr. Martin plays the part with grace, beauty, tenderness, and with mockery. Walter Kingsford carries on the full traditions of Sir Henry Tree in making Sir Toby Belch a lower-scale replica of Falstaff. His Sir Toby has wit and energy, as well as a bottomless capacity for drinking. Arthur Hohl's Sir Andrew is perhaps the only part which borders dangerously on the traditional exaggeration.

In the women's parts, Miss Jessie Ralph is a thoroughly credible Maria, a character witty, buxom and bouncing. Joyce Carey maintains both the lyric quality and necessary petulance of Olivia. But when all is said and done, it is, of course, Jane Cowl herself who supplies the ultimate note of beauty.

There was a long period during which I felt that Viola Allen was perhaps the most captivating heroine we were likely to see in Twelfth Night. But this impression must now be radically revised. One has the feeling that Miss Cowl was born and bred for no other purpose than to play the part of Viola. She even discards many of her favorite and harmless mannerisms in order to enter more completely into the mood of this harassed and enamored person. But above all, Miss Cowl knows how to abstract the last bit of music from a lyric line without turning the line itself into a song, and without letting the words become more important than the character. Allowing many of Shakespeare's beautiful similes to pass unnoticed in a stress of forced diction is a trait of much traditional acting. Miss Cowl instead dwells lovingly enough on each phrase, but only long enough to make its meaning clear. Her touch is light, subtle and sure.

All in all, this is a living, vibrant, musical and exquisitely human web of magic. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

Atlantic

BRITISH film producers are making a strenuous effort to popularize their product in the American market. But their success is apt to be very limited unless they can improve largely on the recent examples shown at the Cohan Theatre. The photography in Young Woodley was often inadequate and amateurish. The conception of Atlantic—a thinly disguished picture of the Titanic disaster—is frequently maudlin and lacks utterly any idea of the tempo at which such an epic should move.

Possibly the most pertinent comment is the fully audible remark of a man several rows behind me in the theatre. Long, long after the ship had struck the iceberg, this man was heard to sigh: "Perhaps the ship will sink sometime next week!"

It is easy to see the idea of the producers—to contrast the excitement on deck and the desperate emergency with the seemingly interminable two hours through which the men had to wait—the men who had heard the command, "Women and children first," and who knew just what it meant. With only half the life boats needed, these men could do nothing but wait for death. There is plenty of drama in this situation, and plenty of chance for revelation of character. But the British producers have lacked the technique to make the drama effective, and the writer of the script has turned possible

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opportunity for character study into the baldest display of heavy sentimentality.

At each new crisis, the people of the play take minutes to express a single thought. They grimace, hesitate, turn their backs as a sign of deep emotion and otherwise drag out the most obvious scenes interminably. The captain of the ship lets his hand tremble violently as he writes an S.O.S. message for the radio operator. All in all, the unspeakable horror of the incident is turned almost to travesty. It is only in the last cumulative moments that the picture rises to real emotional intensity. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

The Green Cockatoo

EVA LEGALLIENNE has added to her company's repertory—in conjunction with the Quintero brothers' delicious comedy, The Lady from Alfaqueque—a one-act play of Schnitzler's based on the earliest days of the French Revolution. It portrays a slumming party of aristocrats in a dive where actors impersonate brigands for the amusement of the guests. Following the Pagliacci theme, there is a play within the play, resulting in the murder of an aristocrat at the very moment that news of the capture of the Bastille is brought in by an excited mob.

The theme and plot are probably a trifle too ambitious for the confines of a one-act play, resulting in an artificial compacting of elements, too little chance to indicate character, and an overcrowding of action. At all events, Miss LeGallienne's company does not succeed in eliminating this impression. The actors seem a bit too much on dress parade and honest characterization suffers from neglect. On the other hand, the visual effect of the staging is excellent. If it served as the climax to a longer play, during which we had come to know and be interested in the characters, it would rank as exceedingly effective "theatre." (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Girl Crazy

GEORGE and Ira Gershwin have contributed lavishly their respective talents for music and lyrics to this latest production of Aarons and Freedley. Donald Oenslager has done good work with the settings and George Hale has invented some new dancing routines which take full and brisk advantage of Gershwin's inimitable score. Also, it may be remarked that Willie Howard emerges every now and then at his best as a versatile comedian. But the show as a whole suffers from the usual generous sprinkling of vulgarity—especially in contrast with that recent refreshing gust, Fine and Dandy.

Ginger Rogers as the heroine of this dude ranch story is "cute" and little else. One Ethel Merman tries a few variants on the Libby Holman technique—but they are not an improvement. In the end, we come back to George Gershwin and the dancing inspired by his music as the only thoroughly worthwhile part of the entertainment. There is a sustained and almost ecstatic vitality in his score of which only he seems capable. He is the summation of the jazz age, with all its self-conscious blueness, and its strident display of physical energy, covering up something quite mysterious which may germinate unexpectedly—something which seems to include the search of disillusioned youth for some new illusions by which it may hope to live. I do not believe that the jazz spirit in itself is constructive. But it may be furnishing materials upon which new forces can work. It is fast reducing us to a pulp. (At the Alvin Theatre.)

BOOKS

Science and Sanctity

Spirit in Evolution: From Amoeba to Saint, by Herbert F. Standing. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

IT IS a pleasure to find a scientific writer who is not afraid of the words mysticism and soul; one who can lead his readers through so vast a subject as evolution and keeping them firmly upon the ground of science can yet raise their eyes to God.

Dr. Standing, far from making the gratuitous assumption of a materialist that spiritual experiences are a delusion, regards the attainment of higher and higher spiritual levels as the goal toward which man, and therefore organic evolution, is aiming.

The book is for the non-technical reader. It states simply and clearly many of the fundamental facts of biology and unifies them into a compelling presentation of evolutionary philosophy. It discusses the different tendencies in the organic world, such as "response to environment," "nutrition" and so forth, up to "evolution of values" and shows how each of these tendencies developed and led up to man—physical man—but did not stop there. The spiritual cravings of man are born from out these material things just as evolution throughout time has built the new upon the old. But they rise above and reach out beyond the material as a tree, drawing its sustenance largely from the soil, grows out into the pure air above. The author finds purposiveness throughout nature and discovers psychic responses low in the scale of life. Thus biology follows the anti-materialistic trend seen among many of the leaders of physical science.

Countless and diverse attempts have been made to explain evolution by purely material means. So far they have all failed to explain, but it is perfectly proper that such attempts should be made. The great mistake has been the assumption on the part of many that there can be no other, or spiritual, explanation. Dr. Standing sets out to prove not only that there can be such an explanation but also that it is by far the most plausible one. He uses the scientific method as far as that will go, but does not hesitate to step beyond it into the realm of values and the spiritual where his material, no longer measurable by physical methods, is the experience of humanity.

The reader is led through the development of various faculties up to the point where human personality, "harmonized and unified by the strong central power of love," is percieved as the goal of evolution. Beauty, truth and goodness only find their true meaning as the expression of the supreme worth of God—"the World Power who willed the constitution of matter willed also the goal of evolution."

But if God is responsible for the world, how can we account for the failures, the retrogressions, the degeneracy and extinction of vast hordes of creatures, the cruelty and evil in nature? This is an old, old question for which the author has a satisfying answer. The abiding love of the Creator for His creation caused Him to desire the free return of love by His creatures. To return freely the creatures must be able to choose freely. Choice can only have a moral value when there is an awareness of personality as in man, but a rudimentary power of choice appears low in the scale of life. "The tremendous risk of freedom is the possibility of its abuse." The wrong choice in the past meant overspecilization and extincton or parasitism. The right choice led through the ever-ascending chain of life with increasing range and power of choice to culminate in man and free will, and the awful consequences of the power to return the love of the Creator or to reject Him.

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Evolution so treated can be compared to a loving parent guiding a child to choose what is best so that when he attains the years of discretion he may choose correctly. Only God worked through the aeons of geological time, with the whole of creation for His material.

When will we finally rid ourselves of the deterministic implications that have grown about evolution like a choking vine about a strong young tree? True, the emphasis that science has given to the purely material is good and natural enough since that is what science deals in. But is the material therefore all there is? There are many whom the perception of something mightier than the scientific measurement of time and space, more apalling than the dizzy course of the electric particles that compose matter, forces to recognize the reality of spiritual life. The conception of a godless universe working in perfect order with no mind to comprehend it is too horrible to consider. It sears the religious mind like the hot breath of a desert wind.

The fact that it is no longer necessary to be a materialist in order to be a scientist is beginning to be appreciated, and this book will advance it measurably. The author writes: "If there be, indeed, beyond the level of mental functioning a new level of experience called the life of the spirit, this life must have its own needs, its own characteristic activities, its own powers of response to a spiritual environment. Now the positive testimony of countless multitudes of human souls all down the ages since the dawn of history as to the supreme value of these spiritual realities cannot logically be put aside by those who merely bring negative statements to the effect that they themselves have no such spiritual experience. Will the testimony of a color-blind person to the effect that he can see no difference between red and green be accepted as invalidating the experience of one who has normal vision? What other basis have we for accepting the validity of any fact of consciousness but that of personal experience?"

The spiritual life shown to be something strong and virile, something new in the universe, is higher than anything previously attained and therefore only dimly appreciated by many, but is none the less the true, the ultimate goal of creation.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

A Gallery of Minors

This Stubborn Root, by Hortense Flexner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

After-Walker, by Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

Night in the Valley, by Marina Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Song of a Scythe, by Arthur Truman Merrill. Atlanta: The Bozart Press. $1.50.

Out of Every Day, by Agnes MacCarthy Hickey. Atlanta: The Bozart Press. $1.50.

They Rise Accusing, by Clyde Robertson. New York: Henry Harrison. $1.50.

WHATEVER vices the publication of minor verse may involve, it finds its justification in one positive benefit. Among the avalanche of undistinguished volumes issued every season may usually be found one or two poems upon whose publicity depends the encouragement of a genuine talent. The fostering of this isolated talent is excuse sufficient to offset the ill-advised vanity and incompetence of the remaining booklets. The present miscellany of minor poets is a case in point. Out of the six books listed above, the five or six pages that contain Miss Hortense Flexner's best work are adequate to counterbalance the dozens of pages of valueless verse, ranging from the late Leonard Cline's sincere but never decisive compositions to the abject creative poverty disclosed in the other collections.

The talent of Leonard Cline was undoubtedly capable of sharp originality. His Gothic novel, The Dark Chamber, displayed an imagination which lifted it far above the average run of terror stories and evoked fragile overtones of mystery without which the most ingenious plot remains a lifeless mechanism. Ordinarily one would suppose that this power would stand him in good service as a poet. Atmospheric facility, however, is one of the slightest of poetic assets. In order to sustain with any conviction the theme of a poem, a severe intellect must be at work, handling with relentless discrimination the devices of technique. Without this surveillance, suggestive ability and sincere emotional feeling are invariably wasted as far as poetic results are concerned. At best they lie on a page, unresolved by lucid poetic intention and indistinguishable in their essence from prose. This is the difficulty with all the verse in After-Walker. In the title-poem and in Mad Jacob, the lengthy exposition never congeals into a salient phrase, and the topics remain uncreated as poetry. In To My Daughter, and Bacchanale Solo, a greater attempt is made to approach the diction and rhythm of a sound poetic style, but the effort is abortive, producing a pompous and "arty" effect which reminds one of certain daring Victorians who, on trying to gain the grand manner, exhausted themselves in bombast and purple mannerisms derived from the French. Street-Car is a feeble echo of Sandburg's journalistic notations, and the tribute called Bach pays no convincing homage to great music simply because it never arrives at a genuine evocation of that music. The conclusion is thus both trite and insensitive:

"Therein is beauty of a kind
Remote, supernal, purged and pure
As wind in rainfall; there I find
Strength to endure."

Leonard Cline's own honesty as a novelist requires no concession of critical favor for his verse. After-Walker reveals a sincere and winning temperament, but not an acceptable poet.

Miss Marina Wister's book also requires that the evidence pointing to an appealing personality be separated from the traits which disclose artistic ineptitude. Her themes are young boys and girls, night-walking, brides, Beethoven, Joseph Conrad, and moonlight, all of which have won her delight and occasionally a firm phrase. But for the most part her aesthetic innocence leads her into topics and formal problems which she is totally unprepared to lift above the banal. Her technical deficiencies, moreover, are seriously emphasized by her facile treatment of the sonnet form. These lapses play havoc with her engaging freshness of enthusiasm, and leave one with the hope that, if she intends to pursue her career in verse, she will immediately undertake a rigorous course of prerequisites in form, style and other essential matters.

Over the work of Arthur Truman Merrill, Mrs. Clyde Robertson and Miss Agnes Hickey a rather uniform anonymity hangs. Without their title-pages, these three books would soon be lost in the flood of commonplace verse issued by their publishers. Well-labeled idealism, good intentions, effort and much yearning are lavishly provided, but for a pinch of acute perception or verbal distinction the reader must go begging. The American desert has given Mr. Merrill topics which demand, and sometimes receive, a less conventional approach and a more spirited expression.

Basically Miss Flexner's difficulty is exactly that of these

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other minor poets. As is shown by many of her briefer poems, by mere diversions like French Clock, and by slight marginalia such as Autumn Rain, and Limitation, she lacks the creative ability to capture new provinces of meaning. Her contemporaries, Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan and Marianne Moore, as well as her great ancestor, Emily Dickinson, possess that power in high degree. Miss Flexner must be content to remain within the boundaries of established concepts or conventional emotions. Frequently she is unable to shake off servility to her superiors. Robinson's mark is plainly seen on the sonnets, The Doctor and Contemporary, Miss Millay's on The Image, and even something of Frost's on Adopted Son. But in her best work Miss Flexner speaks for herself, often with sharp beauty of phrase and cadence, and sometimes with haunting implications. Her first poem here, Alien, is a brief allegory of tragic power, clearly and succinctly mastered. Winter Night, For Them the Night, and Fragments are almost as good. Each provides sound evidence of Miss Flexner's unquestionable talent, which has arrived, in the best pages of This Stubborn Root, at a mature expression of itself.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Lessons of Diplomacy

Portrait of a Diplomatist, by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

WITH each succeeding revelation of the motives and methods of leading European diplomatists of Europe (and this is one of the best) I am more deeply impressed with the fatality, the inevitability of the world war. To those who grew up between 1880 and 1900 with any knowledge of Europe, the war was a certainty; but we who were neophytes in diplomacy in 1900 were groping for the true and compelling causes. To us more than to anyone such books as Harold Nicolson's portrait of his father are absorbingly interesting.

Those men who apparently were shaping our destinies were puppets. Not the most astute of them nor the most wholeheartedly honest could have changed things. It is silly to set them down as fools or villains as is so much the fashion. One glance, for instance, at Sir Arthur Nicolson proclaimed a wise and honest man. I shall never forget him coming down the duke of York's steps, bent and white, and those flaming blue eyes of his. A group of tall Australian Anzacs lounged near—the most irreverent, independent and unabashed of all the English heterogeneous soldiery, reminiscent of the long-bow men of older England. He glanced at them as he passed and they straightened electrically, though it was apparently a point of honor with them to pay no attention to rank of any sort. "Who's the little duke?" one said aloud. "Looks a good one!" Wisdom and goodness shone from his face—but he failed.

Mr. Nicolson (more correctly than the framers and signers of the Treaty of Versailles) distinguishes between the causes and the origins of the world war. The origins (1900-1914) he lays to Germany; the causes (1500-1900) to England and the building of the empire. I agree. He could go still further back if it were within the scope of his book. The war was the end of a period and a point of departure in the evolution of Christian civilization. It was the logical and unescapable result of the growth of that new political entity, the nation, out of the conflict between feudal anarchy and an attempt to revive the only civilization known to the Germanic tribes who overthrew it: the world empire of Rome. In all that long development men were torn between the essential contradiction of high ideals of justice and peace and the old code of the

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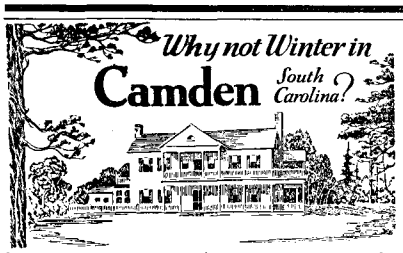

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barbarians, based on force and violence even when the decision was ascribed to God.

Mr. Nicolson's treatment of his father's career is very striking. He is painting that literary portrait from the dawning knowledge of the post-war generation. He is completely unaffected by the cloudy hates and bitterness of the war period. There are no villains in the background to that central figure. There are great and as he says unassailable figures, among whom he places Grey of England and Bethmann-Hollweg of Germany. He shows wise but helpless men, mistaken men (it is astonishing how greatly silly mistakes can affect a world), vain and ambitious men and incompetent men in high office. He does not grant villainy even to the one whom the mob chose to enshrine as arch-villain, the emperor of Germany.

The book is a fine piece of work and to those who are able to check it in some measure by personal experience of some of the regions and circumstances described, it is very convincing. One is inclined to thank some special American Providence, some tribal deity that during all that time we had no career diplomacy and no nationalistic interests abroad, and are now able to construct a basis for our international relations with the lesson of the war well learned. It is all an open book if we are only able to read.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Case of Hungary

The Tragedy of Trianon: Hungary's Appeal to Humanity, by Sir Robert Donald; introduction by Viscount Rothermere. London: Thornton Butterworth, Limited.

THE author made it his duty to travel extensively in the former parts of Hungary now belonging to Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. The result of his investigations is the work under discussion which reveals amazingly interesting facts concerning the treatment of the Hungarian minority now under foreign rule.

We learn with no little surprise, that, as late as 1927, a deputy of Hungarian descent was under police supervision in Czechoslovakia. All possible means are used in order to exclude Hungarians from governmental offices. What is more incomprehensible, the Slovakians are treated by the ruling Czechs against the spirit of the treaty of Trianon. The Czechs have pursued a policy of deindustrializing Slovakia, so as to promote the Czech industry in Bohemia without at the same time developing Slovakia's immensely rich agricultural and forest resources.

The oppression of Hungarian subjects is not limited to one field only. In Jugoslavia no law regulating the question of nationalities has been passed. Every effort is made to keep the Hungarians off the voting lists and to prevent them from voting when their names are included. The two Hungarian members of the Skuptsina had to pledge themselves to support the government before they were elected.

The treatment on the part of Czechs, Jugoslavs and Rumanians compelled a whole army of former employees of the Hungarian state to emigrate to Hungary proper. Since 1919 no fewer than 700,000 refugees have been quartered on Hungary, forming an unemployed legion equal to almost 10 percent of the whole population. Nothing would be easier than to continue the enumeration of injustices committed without interruption. In the reviewer's opinion, the facts hitherto mentioned should be eloquent proof of the inconciliatory spirit prevailing in the new states.

FRANCIS MAGYAR.

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Real Romance

John Marsh, Pioneer, by George D. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

FOR this biography of John Marsh, Dr. Lyman has found a romantic figure whose activities during the era of the white man's conquest of the Indian played an important, if sometimes an unhealthy, part.

John Marsh was born in Massachusetts of old Puritan stock, and after his graduation from Harvard in 1823 went to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, as a teacher, in order to obtain sufficient money to enter Harvard Medical School. A man of unusual intellectual gifts, possessing a flair for languages and a natural aptitude for leadership, he soon gained the confidence of the Indians, acted as government agent to them, wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Sioux language, and finally married an Indian half-breed.

His partiality for the Sioux caused many sad complications and not alone for himself: it contributed materially to the Black Hawk war, caused him to lose his job, forced him to flee with his wife and child for fear of retaliation and, after her death and the commitment of the boy to the care of friends in Illinois, it brought about his eventual trek westward to California and a new start. Here again we find him exerting his strong influence on the growing country, first as a doctor, then as a soldier, as a rancher, a gold miner, the owner of a vast fortune, and finally we see him as host to a beggar, who is none other than the son he had left in Illinois twenty-five years before.

This is a fascinating story of an unusual man, and the thrilling days of the frontiers.

FRANCIS XAVIER DISNEY.

Teaching Leadership

Boyleader's Primer, by Kilian J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap.; Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $1.50.

WHATEVER may be its cause, the fact stands out that the modern home is unable to cope adequately with the important problem of satisfactorily directing the leisure-time activity of the boy. Like many other problems this task must to a large extent be taken over by outside agencies. As a consequence we have in our days systematically organized boy-leadership that supplements parental activity and sees to it that the leisure of the boy is not only harmlessly but profitably spent and exploited in the interests of self-education and character formation.

It would be foolish to thing that the boyleader can rely entirely on his own resources and his native tact. Ignorance of the technical aspects of boywork have often thwarted the best intentions. The boyleader, therefore, will be on the look-out for practical information that will assist him in his endeavors. He will find such information in Father Kilian's excellent Primer.

The aim of this volume, small in compass but encyclopaedic in scope, is exclusively practical. The whole range of recreational activity is covered. The suggestions offered have been well tested in practice and possess the authentic sanction of experience. Truthfully it may be said that the author has compiled a book for which there exists a real need. All engaged in boywork will benefit greatly by its perusal and find in its pages the answer to many troubling questions that crop up in their dealings with the growing generation.

CHARLES A. BRUEHL.

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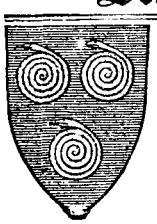

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Briefer Mention

Twenty-four Hours, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

TO BE interesting and to be important are not necessarily the same thing. If you write, with detachment and in detail, of a set of sophisticated people—misunderstood married men with mistresses, romantic aberrants who have never married, beauties who run away from their husbands, night-club hostesses who get strangled by their lovers, adventuresses who go gunning for millionaires, actresses who hunt down social registerites—you are bound to be interesting; but if you fail even to suggest that any of these people has an inner core of meaning or permanent purpose, your story is probably not very important. Mr. Bromfield has loaded his pages with facts, entirely believable and often curiously absorbing, about Ruby the adventuress and Rosa the hostess, Hector the mental epicene and David the money king, and has, besides, tied up their separate stories into one single and, so to speak, simultaneous story, with real technical skill. But he is still the victim of his old ignorance as to what it is all about.

The Street of the Islands, by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. YOUNG has not quite achieved success in this book of short stories and sketches. In The Land of Juan de Dios he has wrought finely and truly, but nowhere else does he reveal the same sureness and deftness of touch. The Street of the Islands is really a book of mood—the mood induced in Latin countries by sunset, when the colors are departing from the sky, and blue and purple and grey shadows are advancing over the land. It is a story-telling hour, and Mr. Young shows an artist's appreciation of his settings, which he describes in poetical and limpid prose. But unfortunately the stories he has projected against these backgrounds do not always fuse with them—in some instances they refuse to do so. This is particularly true of The Passionate Road, in which two experiences are told one within the other, yet unrelated to each other or to their scene of action. The sketches, too, are merely fragments, some painfully incomplete. There is, nevertheless, a charm to Mr. Young's writing, languorous with the beauty of southern countries, and at all times suggestive of the fine flowering of romance.

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